BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1946

SYLVIA THOMPSON
WARREN ARMSTRONG
HARWOOD STEELE
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

built for Cossack Comfort

The Cossack likes such boots of course... Because he's mostly on his horse...

built for Fashion Comfort

But Modern Women's wear today is Norvic shoes for work or play

NORVIC

OTHER ATTRACTIVE STYLES AVAILABLE ★ THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD., NORWICH

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 32, No. 5 MAY, 1946

TINTERN ABBEY FROM THE BARBADOES, MONMOUTHSHIRE

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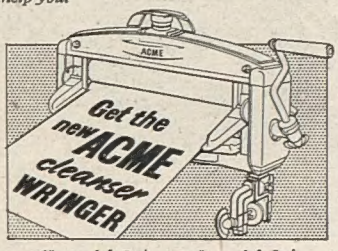
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

YOU NEED AN ACME WRINGER, MRS. JONES!

Mrs. Jones washes for five people, two grown-ups, two school children, one baby — everything, every week. Heavy jerseys, flannel shorts, gym tunics, men's pyjamas and shirts — she wrings them all wearisomely by hand. "It's real hard work," she owned to me, "and they take ages to dry —in winter it's awful!"

Mrs. Jones needs a wringer—the beautifully efficient post-war Acme, which will wring out all those heavy garments (light ones too) with no strain on herself, and cut drying time down by half, and give her the ideal wash. Acme rollers are specially made to wring thick blankets as easily as babies' nappies—Mrs. Jones just controls the pressure herself. Washday needn't be such a burden, Mrs. Jones—let an Acme help you.



16" model 84/- 14" model 82/-
Purchase Tax extra

ACME WRINGERS LTD.
DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

Eaten with the keenest zest—

Always equal to the test!

HOVIS

FOR FOOD VALUE

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT!

MACCLESFIELD

They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

in a good range of colours.

Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

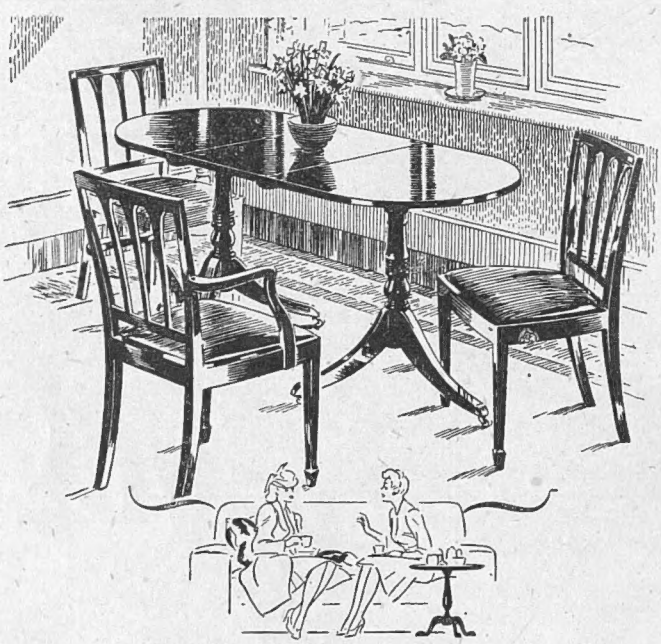
Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

Marshall

spring fabrics

Marshall's express the miracle of Spring in the soft colours, lovely designs and textured beauty of their dress fabrics. With Spring in the air — irresistible.

Fashion rayons, printed, dyed and woven. Dress, suiting and coating woollens. Woven cottons.



"MIN gives such a wonderful polish!"

"Yes, and the beauty of it is

You can **MIN** *it in half a* **MIN***ute"*

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED FURNITURE

Use sparingly—still in short supply

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

M/GW

"The day before yesterday I sent you a leash of golden plovers — the greatest delicacy of this season. They suit the palate after a bad cold, as well as Oliver's biscuits, which are famous."

—DISRAELI WRITING TO MRS. BRYDGES WILLIAMS, 6th MARCH, 1862.

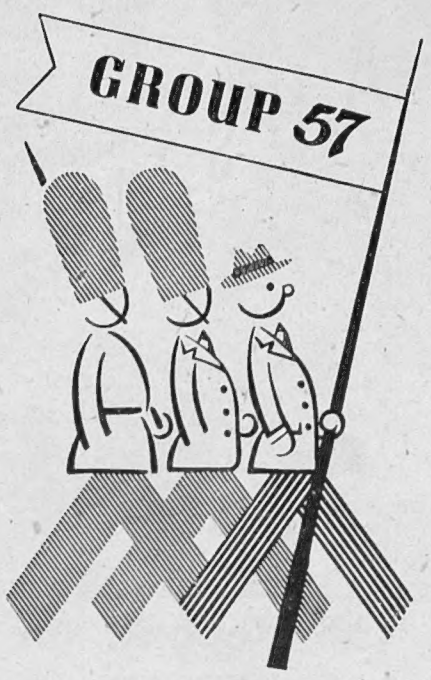
For over 200 years, Bath Oliver Biscuits have won the recognition of discriminating palates because of their inimitable crispness and quality.

Fortts

ORIGINAL

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS



will be in "civvies" soon

HEINZ

57 VARIETIES

Always ready to serve...

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

...and **grow**

...and **thrive**

...and **gain!**

A baby must have long hours of restful, unbroken sleep if he is to grow into a sturdy, healthy child. For this reason mothers see to it that stomach upsets are corrected at once. A small dose of *'Milk of Magnesia' quickly soothes baby when fretful or upset and paves the way to undisturbed sleep. Keep 'Milk of Magnesia' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

'Milk of Magnesia'

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

here's a good helping!

. . . u-u-M! And how good it tastes! Not much meat in it these days of course, but plenty of beans to make up for that — vegetables — and that special touch you know so well how to give. Some new ideas for stews are given below. The point is that this combination of meat and beans gives you a useful hint on making it easy to get good helpings of real body-building nourishment into the week's meals.

GETTING THE RIGHT "BUILD-UP"

Take a look at the list of body-building foods given below. The First-Class ones are the most important, and you should try to get one or other of them into your three main meals *every day* because your system gets the best out of builders when you eat them "little and often." A hearty portion one day and a skimped one the next doesn't do you so much good. But you may not have enough of the First-Class builders to spread them evenly through the week. Here's where the Second-Class builders come in. Taken by themselves they are not such good builders but team any of them up with any foods in the First-Class and you get the right "build-up."

EASY TO WORK OUT

Just think of everyday things like the milk with the porridge, the bacon with the beans, the cheese in the macaroni-cheese, and you get the right idea! So, when you're in a difficulty, use a little First-Class builder, help it out with the other kind, and you won't go short of nourishment.

Join the crusade against waste of Bread. We must not waste while others want.

THE BODY-BUILDING FOODS

1ST CLASS — MEAT of all kinds tinned or fresh, FISH tinned or fresh, MILK dried or fresh, CHEESE, EGGS shell or dried.

2ND CLASS — BEANS, PEAS, LENTILS, NATIONAL FLOUR AND BREAD, OATS, SOYA. *Don't use these alone for main meals, but at the same meal with any in the First Class list.*

TWO MAIN-MEAL DISHES

New Touches to Stews

With a beef stew, a little dry mustard added with the usual salt and pepper is good, or the Continental way of spreading a slice of bread with made mustard and cooking it in with the other ingredients. Something Father will appreciate is a little cider or beer added; the alcohol is all evaporated by the cooking, but the manly flavour remains. Some of your bottled tomatoes come in well for a stew. And shredded cabbage sprinkled in during the last ten or fifteen minutes of cooking adds delicious flavour and also health-giving vitamin C.

Cheese Savoury or Pudding

1 egg (i.e., 1 level tablespoonful of dried egg, 2 tablespoons of water); ½ pint milk, household milk or vegetable stock; 1 breakfastcup or 4 oz. breadcrumbs; 4 oz. grated cheese; salt, pepper and mustard.

METHOD: Reconstitute the egg and beat up with the milk. Add the other ingredients. Pour into a greased dish and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven until brown and set. Serve with baked jacket potatoes, mashed swedes and watercress.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S141)

Your lovelier self through the personal genius of

Goya

Modern Master of Perfume

Perfume · Powder · Lipstick

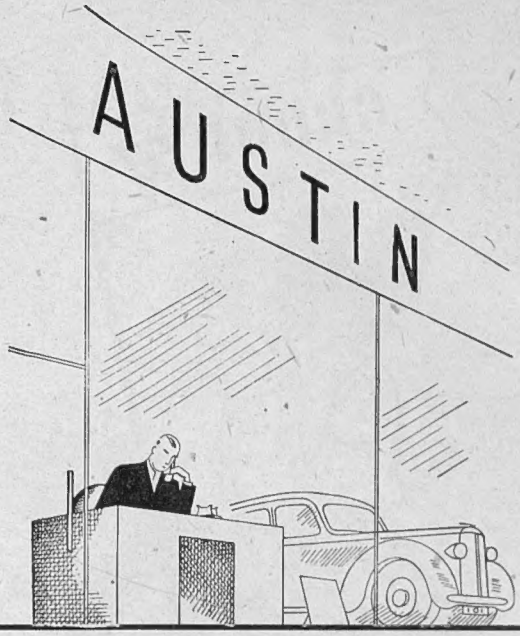
161, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits



You can depend on him

The Austin Dealer organisation is now everywhere re-established and at your service. If you are thinking of buying a new car, consult the Austin Dealer for your area. He is the best man to advise you in choosing from the Austin post-war models and can tell you when, in the present circumstances of demand exceeding supply, you should place your order.

★ *As with the car, so with the Dealer Organisation.*

AUSTIN*—*you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD · LONGBRIDGE · BIRMINGHAM

LUCILE GRAHN AFTER THE LITHOGRAPH BY J. BRANDARD

Fresh, Enchanting, Fragrant

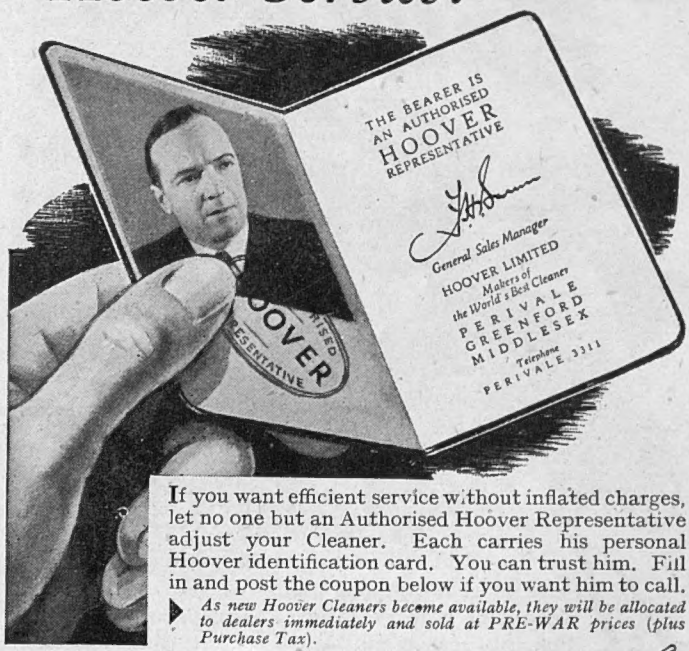
ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

WE REGRET SUPPLIES ARE STILL NOT AVAILABLE

AEC 152-96

Passport to real Hoover Service!



If you want efficient service without inflated charges, let no one but an Authorised Hoover Representative adjust your Cleaner. Each carries his personal Hoover identification card. You can trust him. Fill in and post the coupon below if you want him to call.

▶ *As new Hoover Cleaners become available, they will be allocated to dealers immediately and sold at PRE-WAR prices (plus Purchase Tax).*

HOOVER Ltd. (C.209) PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.

▶ MY HOOVER NEEDS SERVICE!

NAME .....

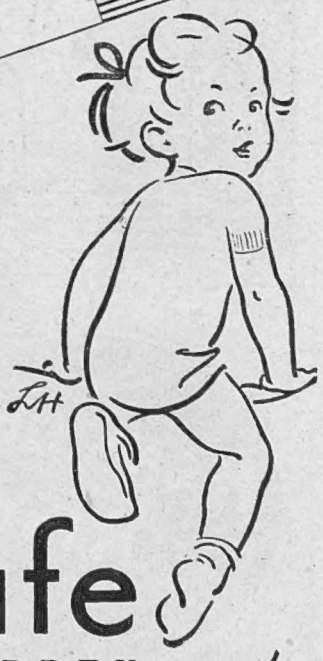
ADDRESS .....

Telephone No. .....

Life's a lot easier when you smile. And smiling comes naturally when you're fit. So remember—
— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

trust nothing but WOOL

In Wool you have nature's own protection against chill. In Chilprufe you have Pure Wool which has been scientifically treated by a secret process to render it soft and unshrinkable and very durable. It is the only safe underwear for children. Its shape and colour are not affected by repeated washing. *At present made only for Infants and young Children.*



Chilprufe REG°
for CHILDREN
is Pure Wool made Perfect

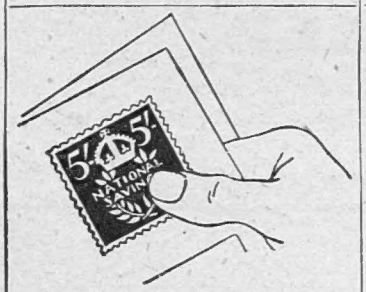
Also CHILPRUFE Dresses, Rompers, Cardigans, Buster Suits for toddlers, Shoes for Babies, and Man-Tailored Coats for Children

Supplied only through Chilprufe Agents
CHILPRUFE LIMITED
LEICESTER

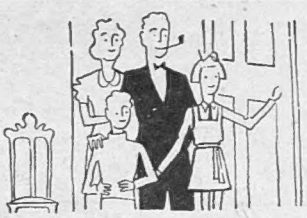
THE A.B.C. OF
PROSPERITY
A serious subject simply explained

1 We're all looking forward to better times. But better times that *last* can't be gained in a moment.

2 After a war there is a temptation to spend too much, too soon. Result—a brief boom—followed by a long slump and bad times for all.



3 What we want is *lasting* prosperity. We know we can't get this unless we put first things first. So we don't spend — we lend — to build Britain's prosperity *first*.



HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN

4 Those War Savings — let's not draw them out yet. Let's add to them instead. Now's the time to save all we can to build the future. Once Britain is prosperous, there will be prosperity for all. Good times are coming, let's save to enjoy them.

Save for Prosperity

HELP BRITAIN—AND YOURSELF

Issued by the National Savings Committee

for natural loveliness

C·N·P English Rose LIPSTICKS
C·N·P COSMETICS LTD

always look for the name

MORLEY

undies · stockings · knitwear · gloves

Careful, there!

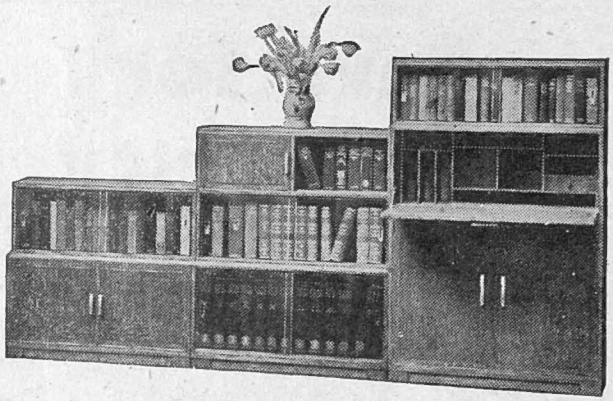
When you go on the hunt for Pond's Face Creams, it pays to be careful if you're offered the alternative of an unfamiliar brand. Pond's Creams are, fortunately, getting slightly more plentiful in the shops, so please keep on trying. And it's far better to try to make your jar of Pond's—if you're lucky enough to get one—last as long as you possibly can, than to risk using a face cream you know nothing about. Prices: 10½d. and 2/2½, including Purchase Tax.

Pond's

COLD CREAM

VANISHING CREAM

WHEN WE ARE ALLOWED TO



The manufacture of furniture essential to the primary needs must still take precedence in the National economy. When adequate supplies for this purpose are in sight, we shall be permitted once more to produce Minty bookcases and furniture. For the time being, lovers of the good things of life will, if they are lucky enough to possess them, treasure their Minty possessions; or, if not, wait without too much impatience till we can supply. This we shall do at the earliest possible moment.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Our customers, past and future, may rest assured that every new Minty production will conform both in quality of materials and craftsmanship to the standard always associated with the name "Minty."

MINTY LTD., 44/45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

"My word, this floor looks really lovely."

"I'm glad you like it, Doris, you can't beat 'Mansion' for giving a beautiful polish to floors and furniture."

Use sparingly—still in short supply.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

MP/TF

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers
to H.M. The King,
McVitie & Price Ltd.

QUALITY

Only the finest ingredients, the best recipes and the most modern methods of baking are good enough for

McVITIE & PRICE'S BISCUITS

Obtainable everywhere

Made at

McVITIE & PRICE'S MODERN FACTORIES

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

The Evolution of Beauty

Only craftsmen of more than ordinary attainment reach those heights of simple beauty that evolve from cultured restraint. Such are the craftsmen who fashion Park Ward Coachwork to grace the finest cars the world produces.

PARK WARD
& CO. LTD

473 High Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10

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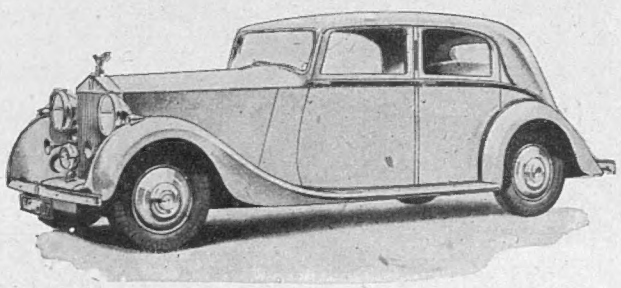
Telegrams: Warenpar-Willroad-London

Officially Appointed Retailers of Rolls-Royce and Bentley Cars



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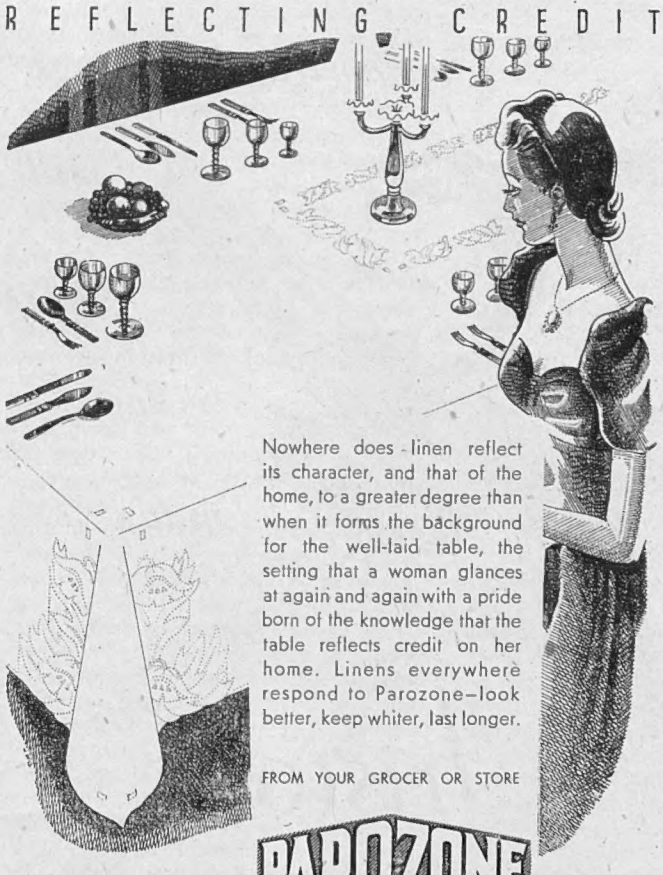


Nowhere does linen reflect its character, and that of the home, to a greater degree than when it forms the background for the well-laid table, the setting that a woman glances at again and again with a pride born of the knowledge that the table reflects credit on her home. Linens everywhere respond to Parozone—look better, keep whiter, last longer.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE

D O E S M O R E T H A N B L E A C H

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

Glasgow: and at London and Nottingham

WHITWORTH AND MITCHELL LTD. LONDON and MANCHESTER
Producers also of TRICOLINE — the equal to silk

it's Gay... it's Young... it's Romantic

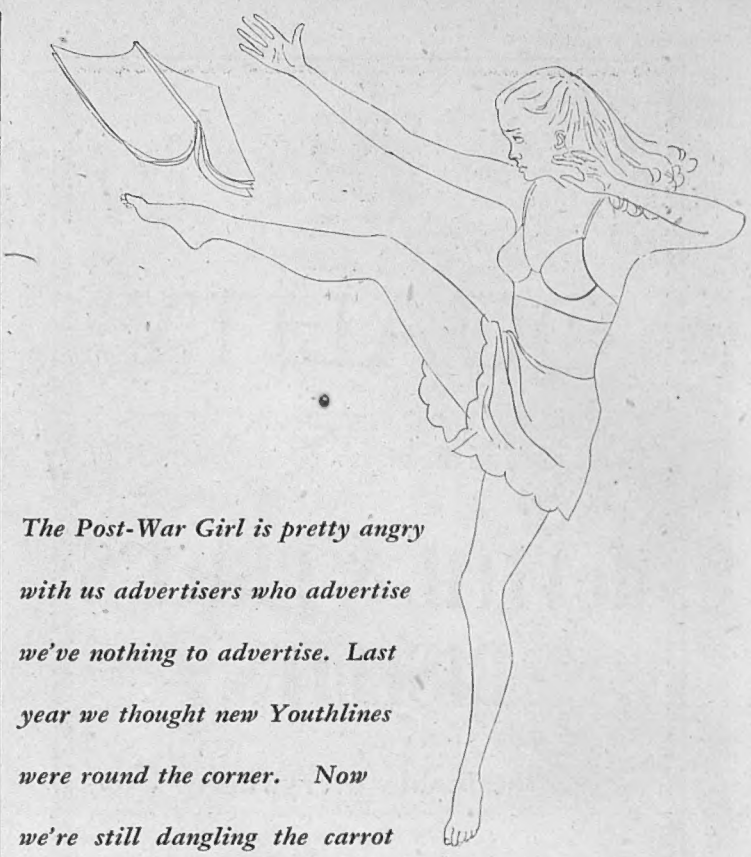
The most enchanting yet sophisticated make-up Helena Rubinstein ever created. It makes your complexion irresistible.. gives lips a deep, vibrant colour. Once you try it you'll want to wear it with everything.

Pink Champagne

Rouge-en-Creme 7/6
Lipstick 7/6 Powder 9/2
Prices include tax

...it's by Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1
GROSVENOR 1407



The Post-War Girl is pretty angry with us advertisers who advertise we've nothing to advertise. Last year we thought new Youthlines were round the corner. Now we're still dangling the carrot because we're still restricted. Still thwarted. Still longing to sell, as you are longing to buy, Youthlines *by* W.B.

BRASSIERES CORSELETTES AND GIRDLES

Why Moccasin?

"I like that clever two-purpose idea

A pair of shoes for every outfit is impossible these days, so I get MOCCASIN shoes, because they're designed in styles that look right with suits or frocks. Of course, they get extra wear; but that's looked after too. For MOCCASIN shoes are made to keep their style and shape in spite of harder duty!"

MOCCASIN REGD.

TWO-PURPOSE SHOES

16 PADMORE & BARNES LTD., *Moccasin Shoe Makers*, NORTHAMPTON

The loveliest stockings will always be made by

Aristoc

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS

Those girls with bright lips and bright scarves on their shining hair, who, with revolvers hidden in their shopping baskets, went also to church

The Dance Frock

A Short Story

By

Sylvia Thompson

As they walked up Sloane Street Simon glanced at the profile of his fiancée with wonder. With a dual wonder; the old and the new. The old wonder at her loveliness; the new that she was lovely in a way the girls and women he had become accustomed to see weren't. Those girls and women who, in those weeks and months during which, when he crossed France escaping, had given him loyalty, comradeship, tenderness, hope; who had told him—not their names, or pet-names, but whispered the name of Madame B. or Monsieur C.—, to whom he could go when he got to X. . . . The girls, the old women who gave him—not their hands or lips to kiss, but plates of food brought after dark, commending him to God with the same gaiety and warmth as, in a country less menaced, less tense, less tragic they would have embraced him and wished him good luck . . . *bonne chance*. . . .

They had been like figures strangely frescoed down the long corridors of his escape, those old women who hurried back, black-shawled, from early Mass with renewed peace in their sad hearts, to bring him his furtive breakfast; those girls with bright lips and bright scarves on their shining hair who, grave, glancing, and perfumed with their last remaining drops of *chypre*, of *muguet*, of *tabac blanc*, with revolvers hidden in their shopping baskets, went also to church, slipping between the pages of their missals not only their love-letters, precious, greyed and sheeny with re-reading, pitiful dog-eared Red Cross postcards and little pictures of the Sacred Heart, but anonymous, unevenly typed messages—messages of "the Resistance."

What was paradoxically new, it seemed to him, in Cynthia's appearance as she walked beside him now, one ungloved, white, scarlet-tipped hand on his arm, was that every detail of her, of her whole being, of her very "atmosphere," was unchanged since 1940, when they 'd first met.

It seemed to him that she had set her exquisite, amber-coloured face, the wide brow, the winged eyebrows, the long, green-blue eyes against the war—and the war had retreated; that the nostrils of her small aquiline nose had found the war years without savour, and dismissed them; that her sensuous and quizzical lips had tasted—only just nibbling with the edge of her teeth—the anxiety, the boredom, the dangers, the positive privations of wartime, and found them insipid.

There was something startling, exciting to him in this transparent, unchipped *patine* of her youth. It was like finding a beloved landscape, or a very familiar rose-tree, still waiting for one, after these four nightmare years, with a fresh-glowing indifference. Nothing had changed in her. Her nails had the same varnish, she used her voice sweetly and absent-mindedly, like an amateur twanging a harp. She kissed the same way, beginning as if she hadn't noticed what she was doing and then getting charmed and amorous.

She said, "Let 's go into that baker's, those sticky things with currants look good! They ought to fortify one! *Nothing* so exhausting as a fitting." She made a grimace of lackadaisical amusement that sent her eyebrows up towards the white-silk turbaned scarf that had "Victory" printed all over it in magenta and violet-blue scribbles.

In the shop she took the "sticky thing" off a tray. Her charm-bracelet flashed and tinkled as she held up the cake and bit it.

"Only one of those?" asked the woman in glasses behind the counter, but looking at him, at his face, in the way people did now.

"It 's good and hot," said Cynthia. "Rather like the ones one of the gals used to bring on our Ambulance Unit. Have one, darling?" Little flakes of pastry fell on to her mink jacket.

Simon answered the woman and paid her. "No thanks, Sweet," he said to Cynthia. "I 'm not a bun-lover. What are you trying on at Madame What 's-her-name?"

"At Madame Madeleine? A dance frock. All my others are worn to bits."

HE walked beside her, wondering at this last statement. It was curious to realise that while he 'd been in the German hospital, and later in Stalag IX., she 'd been wearing out her dance frocks.

He followed Cynthia up the staircase to the first floor, where on a yellowed door was painted in copperplate "Madame Madeleine."

The front of the L-shaped room, with its two long windows, was furnished with a cheval glass, a gas-fire and two brittle-looking chairs with shabby blue-brocade seats, and separated from the back alcove of the room by a high, worn canvas screen on which were neatly pinned various scraps and patterns of stuff. As usual, Simon avoided seeing himself in the glass.

He murmured that the place didn't look exactly "alive."

"Yes, but you should *see* the clothes they make. . . . You can't judge these

sort of people by the *façade*," she added. As she spoke someone came downstairs, evidently from a workroom above, and the door was opened.

" Ah—Mademoiselle—good-morning, Mademoiselle—*Bonjour, Monsieur.*"

" This is my fiancé," said Cynthia.

The old woman inclined her head. She had the dignity of old, carefully mended black clothes and white hair, and the, quite visible, moral elegance that emanates from self-respect combined with an habitual delicacy of feeling for others.

" I am proud to make your acquaintance, Monsieur." Her pale face was lit by the sincerity of her meaning.

The door opened again behind her, and her daughter came in, carrying a black taffeta dress over her arm. She, too, was dressed poorly but carefully. She had grave eyes and bright lips and shining hair, and a bright scarf knotted round her neck. She gave Cynthia a charmingly sudden sweet smile, " *Bonjour, Mademoiselle.*"

" Good-morning, Mademoiselle Antoinette. My fiancé has come to see my frock fitted. . . ."

The French girl turned to Simon, " I am *so* happy to know you are safely back, Monsieur ! "

" Thank you," he said, suddenly moved, but not knowing why. (By something familiar, nostalgic about her voice ? Her accent ? By the redness of her small hands holding the silk that recalled other hands, as small, friendly, chilblained, holding a plate or a little package, in the dimmed circle of light of an electric torch—" *Now eat, mon ami.*" ?)

" Mademoiselle would like to go behind the screen to put on the dress," said Madame Madeleine. And, as her daughter and Cynthia went into the back room, she added to Simon :

" Mademoiselle has often spoken to us about you."

" Really ? " he said, beginning to imagine all those fittings Cynthia had had, for an incalculable series of frocks. . . . A single canvas suit had lasted his four years in Stalag IX.

" Mademoiselle has made the acquaintance of my daughters when they were working at the same Ambulance Unit—it was in that way that Mademoiselle became our *cliente*. . . ." Then, as the screen was drawn aside, " Ah ! . . . *Mais c'est bien ça !* That 's excellent, Mademoiselle ! "

Cynthia stood still, the black, stiff-skirted, bare-shouldered dress had that quality of effortless epigram that the French only can give to a dress. The severe yet delicious silhouette of the big skirt, the small-waisted, high-boned bodice gave Cynthia's beauty an " edge," comparable to the bitter tang within a perfume that makes it curiously and elusively exciting.

" D'you like it, da-arling ? " asked her cool, vague voice.

" Very much." Her other dresses made by Madame Madeleine must have been equally becoming—and disturbing, he supposed. " Just what a dress should be," he said.

The daughter turned to him. " Ah ! " she exclaimed, with an eagerness that had no flattery in it. " But if one was to make it for another lady, it wouldn't look so ! . . . It 's Mademoiselle—who is a pleasure to dress ! "

" It 's true," said Madame Madeleine. " Mademoiselle has *une si belle ligne*—Such a beautiful ' line ' . . ." She was looking at Cynthia. On her face was a dreamy, critical pleasure, an air of simple gratitude for excellence that he 'd seen . . . on what black-shawled face ? . . .

. . . An ivory, old *profil*, rosy-lit, gazing out from an attic window, " his " attic under the deep eaves, while he lay, cramped and still only half-awake, in the shadow under those low, heavy beams hung thick with the tawny satin clusters of onions. A profile gazing out over the tremendous dusk-brimming valleys and serrated snow peaks of the Pyrenees, to the slowly reddening sky. . . . A profile as old as grief, as vigorous as hope, whose lips moved to exclaim, very softly and distinctly, " To-day it will be fine . . . this day thou wilt be across the frontier, my son . . . a beautiful day . . . *une belle journée* . . ."

" . . . *Une belle ligne*," repeated Madame Madeleine.

" When can I have it finished ? " Cynthia asked. " By Friday morning ? "

Mother and daughter consulted. Yes. But the difficulty was—sending it. *La petite* Mary—who was their apprentice—was away ill. Madame herself could not go out on account of her lameness. . . . The daughter had promised to finish a coat for another lady by the day after—Cynthia herself hardly would be back from the country until six o'clock.

Simon offered to fetch it.

He would fetch it before lunch, he said. Mother and daughter thanked him. He was aware of the daughter's glance, of some thought or question in it, while she assured him that the dress would be ready whenever he came. Beneath her sweetness of manner he felt her human and sensitive ; full of that tender warmth of heart and brisk, brave common sense that he 'd come to know and count on during those months in France ; the deep, real, inarticulate France. And with a curious eagerness, as if another self in him than the self who had come back to Cynthia and England, had suddenly been given a chance to " go home " (home to France), he said, " I 'll be here at midday on Friday, then."

OUT in the street again with Cynthia, she was saying : " Let 's go out, then, Friday night and celebrate the frock ? Da-arling ! . . . . You aren't listening. . . ."

" Of course—yes— Let 's . . ."

A moment later he was surprised to find that she had slipped her hand in his. And, glancing at her as they turned a corner, he saw that her eyes had a brimming shining look of tears in the east wind.

SIMON went alone up Sloane Street. He was to fetch the dress because Cynthia wanted to wear it to-night—wherever he was to take her . . . to the Savoy . . . the Embassy . . . the Four Hundred. But he wasn't thinking about Cynthia. He was thinking about the girl (was it Mademoiselle Yvette they called her?), because she'd got, in some queer way, into his imagination. Not as one woman, but strangely, hauntingly, as one of many women ; almost as if she were a composite figure, a symbol, of those many women still so vivid in his thoughts, so staunch and blessed and sweet in his heart.

" Good morning, Mademoiselle Antoinette," said Cynthia, " my fiancé has come to see my frock fitted." The French girl turned to Simon. " I am so happy to know you are safely back, Monsieur ! "

She 'd been so present, so insistent in his thoughts these last three days that his love for Cynthia made him accuse himself, disturbed, puzzled, of disloyalty. Was it conceivable, he asked himself as he opened the door of " Madame Madeleine," that his love for Cynthia wasn't " real " any more. That he 'd changed—and she hadn't ? And yet, when he was with her wasn't he elated and comforted by this very sense that she was still " the same," as he 'd desperately, romantically hoped she would be through all those weeks, months, years.

Now the daughter said from behind her screen : " Good-morning, Monsieur."

" Good-morning, Mademoiselle Yvette."

" I am just packing the dress, Monsieur."

" Thank you."

" Please ask Mademoiselle, or her maid, to take it out of the box as soon as possible."

" Yes."

" It is very good of Monsieur to come. . . . The problem of delivery is still so difficult for us ! "

" It couldn't be easier for me. And besides——"

She came into the front of the room now, carrying the tied-up box. He saw that, now already, she felt he was going to say something against which she was, instinctively, on her guard.

" Here it is," she said.

" I wonder," he said, " if you would even begin to understand if I asked you something ? "

She looked up at him. The light from the windows was full on her, and he saw her cheeks

colour slowly, and thoughts fit and shift behind the deliberate simplicity of her gaze. He noticed now that her wide-browed, oval, red-lipped face was a little shadowed, a little lined already, as are the faces of girls whose working hours have no precise limits except extreme fatigue. She had, too, a certain sternness that made her look "older than her age" and which evoked also those other faces, grave and young (and haunted by uncertainty even in sleep), that had looked "older than their age."

"What could Monsieur want?" she asked.

He set the big, light box under his right arm. "I . . . wish I knew exactly," he said, with that mixture of diffidence and assurance bred into Englishmen of his sort. "To talk to you—certainly, Mademoiselle."

"You are doing so, Monsieur."

"To——" He stopped. "Would you find it . . . impossible to dine with me, Mademoiselle?"

"I? With you, Monsieur?"

She was watching him, rather than simply meeting his look.

"When? Monsieur——"

"Why not to-night?"

"But to-night you are going out"—she indicated the box—"with Mademoiselle."

"Not until half-past ten," he said. "Where shall we dine?"

He saw her take a decision the second before she answered.

"Anywhere modest—I haven't the habit of restaurants."

He named a small Greek restaurant in Soho.

"At what time, then?"

"At half-past seven?" he asked.

"Very well, Monsieur." She smiled.

Never had a smile had less coquetry he thought, or acquiescence to an invitation been made with more dry politeness. And yet there was, too, a sort of hint of indulgence, or tenderness in the tone of her "Until to-night, then—*à toute à l'heure*, Monsieur."

He left the dress box at Cynthia's flat and a message that he would fetch her at half-past ten.

MADEMOISELLE YVETTE was there before he was, sitting at a small table at the far end of the narrow restaurant, the radiance from the little pink silk-shaded table-lamp making her look not only younger than she had in the shop, but more of a "type"—a Meridional type whose soft Italianate charm conceals the strong and rugged base of the character.

In her checked silk blouse and little black hat and black gloves, she might have been sitting under the lighted awning of any café, entitled the Café "of Peace" . . . "of the Universe" . . . "of the Mimosas," sipping a drink as brilliant as a false jewel to the lilting braying of one of those café gramophones which, with its scratched records, no one had even considered throwing away. He sat down opposite her.

"You are punctual. What will you drink? Gin? Sherry? Dubonnet?"

"A Dubonnet, please."

Simon ordered himself a double whisky. He was conscious of the light being close, too close, on his face. He thought the waiter looked at his face while he was ordering. Then, because he 'd already had two drinks before coming, he was able to say, "I know you think Mademoiselle Cynthia's fiancé has asked you here to dine with him. Well, he hasn't."

She took off her gloves and laid them neatly beside her.

"*Je le savais bien*—I knew it well," she said.

He stared.

"It 's 'The Other,'" she said gently and sensibly, "*L'autre*. . . . The Other, who was in prison in Germany and then escaped—didn't he?—across France, who, has asked me here."

"Yes," he said. "Yes. But how did you know?"

The waiter set down their drinks on the rough, clean cloth.

She said, "But this is the time for Them—Those Others— They are everywhere," exactly as if she were saying, "But, of course, in November it rains and there are cold winds. . . ." She added, with a strange intense little intake of breath, "Everywhere, Monsieur. . . . These poor displaced souls. . . ."

"It was your being French," he found himself beginning, somehow quite easily. "You see . . ." he said.

He told her. He saw, he felt that she was understanding what he told her.

She only spoke once. "You are in love with France," she said, "the Other you is. . . ."

He said, "I shall never forget . . . the loyalty . . . the courage."

"Loyalty and courage were everywhere," she said. "Each one has had his war," she added in her gentle accented voice. (*Continued on page 52*)

"I know you think Mademoiselle Cynthia's fiancé has asked you here to dine with him. Well, he hasn't." She took off her gloves and laid them neatly beside her.

The Man Who Wanted To Buy Monte Carlo

By Ferdinand Tuohy

The dog sat up to table with the guests

LAST Christmas I received a seasonable card from Monaco, really a coloured print, showing the Principality of a hundred years ago and it was fascinating to try and locate the crowding white masonry of to-day round that sleepy, tucked-away little fishing port, of which a jut of rock, and sunshine, seem to be the only survivals.

You know what happened to transform things. Briefly, Bismarck ejected two brothers from Homburg because the gambling they ran there attracted a frivolous, friendly international society calculated to make inroads on the unbending German character imperative to the planned warring ahead; and the brothers, after some prospecting, saw the golden opportunity of setting up at Monaco which beat Homburg hollow for climate and beauty, was utterly untouched, and had an impoverished dynasty ready to grant a concession.

Once that was settled, it needed only the pushing of the "iron horse" along the coast from Marseilles (1870) for Monte Carlo to be launched on its hectic career in the course of which it has been called many things—from "hell spot in the sun" to "rejuvenating headquarters," "hothouse of iniquity" to "honeymooners' delight," "shady people in the sun" to "fount of *recherché* living," "anti-social rendezvous of privilege, immorality and parasites" to "magnet of the arts." Personally, I incline to "purring courtesan," Edwardian label. However, let's not go into all this. So much depends on how one is built, don't you think? Whether for sensual dalliance or keeping it at arm's length.

The place has given vast pleasure to countless people who've been no more drawn to the gaming rooms than Lady Astor to a noggin of rum. People fortunate to be able to travel, if they wish; yet so many of them old or ailing; and, anyway, isn't there something in seeing Monte Carlo rather as the forerunner of a flock of high-stepping places in the sun as soon as the proletariat is able to fly to them? Haven't the Russkis given a lead on the Crimean Riviera of sun-sea-laze and lashings of roubles, vodka and caviar? As for the Mediterranean, H. G. Wells has visualized eventual "sun cities" round this basin blessed by nature.

Well, as the years rolled by and the coin rolled in, Monte Carlo (or the Principality) evolved for itself a special dispensation in government and international status. For all practical purposes its internal affairs were ruled by the Company of Sea Bathing, gently lapping nomenclature under which operates the gambling concession which maintains the budget, from the princely civil list down to the smallest public utility. The native Monégasques, being in a complete minority, are lucky to pay no taxes, though they don't always think so. They are luckier to enjoy a form of independence which, if not entire, does what dozens of other nations yearn for—it keeps them out of world wars.

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

ENCLOSED by French territory since 1860, Monaco has French currency and Customs, while French law and police have right of entry. But over the essential neutrality in time of war, the protecting power perched in eyries has respected this midget state's frontiers. Monaco was not embroiled in three successive wars that engulfed France, and when, at the close of 1942, Germans and Italians were equally respectful, driving through this little gold mine and leaving it still a non-combatant oasis, wasn't there every reason to believe that the real test—that of territorial freedom—had once again been passed?

True, the Axis stayed around; lolled and loved and black-marketed. But what could a midget do about that, even if it felt inclined? Didn't it all bring in the weighty Axis currency? *Faites vos jeux!*

In point of fact, that Axis currency was to prove so weighty before the end, that the Company of (*Continued on page* 68)

Monte Carlo which during the war was a non-combatant oasis

The Axis stayed around, lolled and loved and black-marketed

A loaded mule train on its way through the rugged, mountainous Khyber Pass

They Still Guard The Frontier

The Burden May Be Shifted Entirely To Indian Shoulders. Meanwhile British And Indian Warriors Still Guard The Passes As In The Days Of Desmond, V.C.

By Harwood Steele

The ever-winding road of the Khyber all its own. There are many vantage points to ambush and

THE North-West Frontier! There is magic—Indian magic—in the name. But is it still the Land of High Adventure, of a gallant little Indian and British Army guarding India's "teeming millions" against "certain Powers" and Pathans, as it was in the days of the hero of Maud Diver's famous novel, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*?

Many people, disillusioned by stern modern realities and sick of Indian political squabbles, hungrily ask that question. I asked it, too, not so very long ago, when I found myself serving in Kohat. For Desmond was stationed there; and it is the hub of much that is glamorous in history, as well as in Diver, Kipling, Mundy and Wren, to say nothing of Yeats-Brown.

I asked myself that question—and got part of my answer almost at once, from Mile 38, on the Kohat-Thal road.

Mile 38 is marked by a small white milestone, grimly suggestive of the headstone of a grave. It stands in country readily accessible to hostile tribesmen (though the people of Kohat District itself have long been friendly). Over it looms the desolate hills for ever linked with "Gurkhas and Gordons!" "The Gordons have taken Dargai!" Near it are thick bushes on the edge of a nullah through which the road runs and in which motor vehicles must slow down—an ideal place for an ambush. Desmond must have known it well, as he often patrolled the vicinity and, at nearby Hangu, once dealt with a raiding force, an exploit which required him to fight for, I think, three days in mess kit!

Towards this evil place (to give me the part-answer aforesaid) came driving a young British officer who shared my quarters in Kohat. He was returning from Thal—the District outpost guarding the Kurram Pass, one of the routes to Kabul. With him were his bearer (servant), the Indian driver and ten Indian soldiers (total party, unlucky thirteen!). Their only weapons were the officer's pistol and a rifle; and it was late in the afternoon. But they had no reason to anticipate trouble, for the road from Thal to Hangu is picketed during daylight by the Frontier Constabulary.

The brown hills slowly turned to lovely purple and violet, the glorious Frontier sunset flamed for awhile behind them, then darkness swallowed Mile 38. Constabulary patrols moved out upon the road. Suddenly, one of these patrols saw dim forms moving, challenged *"Koi hai?"* and, receiving no answer, fired. The dim forms melted away—all except one, which materialized into an exhausted Indian soldier, telling a lurid story:—

My friend's lorry had been delayed short of Mile 38 by a breakdown. By the time it was put right, the constabulary had withdrawn their pickets. Later, as the lorry emerged from the nullah, a volley from at least a dozen rifles crashed into it from the bushes, delivered by tribesmen who must have slipped into position as soon as the pickets were gone. The driver had been instantly killed. The officer, wounded, jumped off the lorry in a desperate attempt to fight. The raiders shot him dead.

Then they came round to the back of the lorry and fired another volley into it. That left only four men unhurt, including the story-teller. The raiders stripped the dead and wounded, carried off the four survivors.

One from four leaves three—three men kidnapped, who must now be rescued. From the police post at Hangu the call flashed to H.Q. in Kohat and thence, just as in Desmond's day, to the station's cavalry, who, again as in Desmond's day, sent out a patrol in pursuit. Similar action produced a patrol from Thal. Too late—the raiders had merged into the hills, where the cavalry could never find them.

Too late? The mysterious ramifications of "Intelligence" now got to work and, perhaps, through the efforts of bearded "Pathans," with clubs in Piccadilly or—who knows?—through

Pass, which has a reputation and glamour in this pass for sharp-shooting tribesmen rob the unwary

Kim himself, located the kidnapped men hundreds of miles away among hostile tribes. Then an orthodox Indian gentleman, whose name is well and favourably known to all the amirs and fakirs, disappeared from his home for three weeks. He often disappears in this way. Then, usually, things happen. Once, when Afghanistan was in one of its frequent insurrections and the Europeans therein were in great danger . . . But Kipling would have said that is another story; and so shall I. This, however, is certain. The Mile 38 raiders were soon delivered up for punishment; the kidnapped men soon rejoined their units, none the worse.

Fortunately, no one else was ambushed during my service in Kohat.

FRONTIER defence, in Desmond's day, was designed to meet the following situation :—

The enormous mountain wall of the Hindu Kush, a subsidiary of the Himalayas, and the River Indus, forming a sort of inner moat among the foothills, had given the North-West Frontier the strongest natural defences on earth. But Allah, determined that none of us shall be too comfortable, had cleft the mountains with the Khyber, Kurram and other important passes, and filled the neighbouring territories with warriors, for ever thirsting to force those passes and despoil the rich Indian plains.

For century after century, the local mountaineers—Mohmands, Afridis, Wazirs, Mahsuds and other tribesmen—and the neighbours—Aryans, Greeks, Scythians, Persians, Afghans, Monguls—trickled or poured over the Indus, stinging like gnats or rending like tigers. Then the British came. For another century, they fought the tribes and tried to block the neighbours by adventures into their preserves. This policy produced many Frontier campaigns. Kipling, who, with Maud Diver, was mainly concerned with the last phase of this era, greatly feared a large-scale invasion of India. Desmond was in the thick of this phase.

Since then, we have given up adventuring. And the neighbours have subsided—permanently, we hope, thanks to UNO. Remain the tribes—and Mile 38 has testified that they remain much the same. Modern amenities—the motor bus plying good, new roads, the cinema, whirring and blaring in the little Frontier towns—have tempted the "bad men" of "Wee Willie Winkie" to mingle with lesser breeds, improved living conditions have decreased their need for thieving, and many practical difficulties now thwart their desire to sack cities. So most of them have settled down.

The rest are still the lean, brown men, brave, skilful, cunning, ruthless yet laughter-loving, that Desmond knew. They are still armed with knives, and with rifles obtained mysteriously from abroad, stolen from our troops, or manufactured by themselves in very fair imitation of our own. Some at least still thirst to take Peshawar or Pindi, Lahore and even Delhi. Most still cherish the deadly blood-feud, swelling, at times, to tribal war, carry out occasional lightning raids, even into our defences but generally on the roads, to inflict casualties or seize arms, domestic animals, money or prisoners for ransom. And, being Mohammedans, they still concentrate their efforts on Europeans and Hindus.

Desmond would also feel at home among the "Government" forces, since cavalry, infantry and artillery still form the backbone of Frontier defence. True, the cavalry Desmond led so well, now fight and ride in tanks and armoured cars; and the men who take the first shock are usually the Frontier Constabulary who, in turn, are aided by irregulars like the Kurram Militia and by khassadars and badraggis (special constables). True, also, that the infantry have many deadly weapons denied the bad men—machine guns, mortars and so on; many auxiliaries and ancillaries, with equipment Desmond never saw—wireless, radio, endless varieties of motor transport—support "the three arms"—and over all are aircraft, invaluable allies. Full dress has gone and the khaki patterns are much altered.

But the military personnel are still cocky little Gurkhas, aristocratic Rajputs, proud, bearded Sikhs, fierce Dogras, Mahrattas, Jats and Punjabi Mussulmans, dour Scots and jesting English. The "screw guns" are still there, the "old brown mule" and the "oont," (*Continued on page* 54)

One of the many British forts which guards the Khyber Pass

On right: Another type of fort which protects the North-West Frontier of India. These forts are occupied by the Frontier Constabulary, half police, half soldier

The Fat Years—And The Lean

Drought-caused Shortages have Spot-lighted the Study of Cycles: if Authorities in this newest Science Are Right, the Up and Down Swings of Crops and Catastrophies, and Most Other Things, Can Be Predicted

By C. Patrick Thompson

LUCY BROWN took a last peek at the chart and went down to breakfast, humming a gay little tune. An hour later she was in the shop. "Now I'll have that hat—you've still got it?"

"We put it away for you, modom."

It was one of those eye-catching trifles—10s. charged to material, £10 to fashion. When she appeared in it, posing on the garden terrace for the benefit of John Brown, junior, that youth halted the lawn mower.

"Hit dad's peak again, I see."

"You tend your own charts and leave your father's to me," retorted his mother.

"Mine are not so hot," complained the eighteen-year-old. "Elly's in the blue zone, and we're dated to go dancing tonight."

"Then you can keep one another company. You're in the dip, too, aren't you?"

"It says so, but I feel good. Maybe it's the exercise and that sirloin we had for dinner."

"I wouldn't count on it," said his mother darkly. "The chart never lies. Probably it's just your pituitary playing up. It'll pass, and you and Elly can worry together all evening over the world's and your own problems."

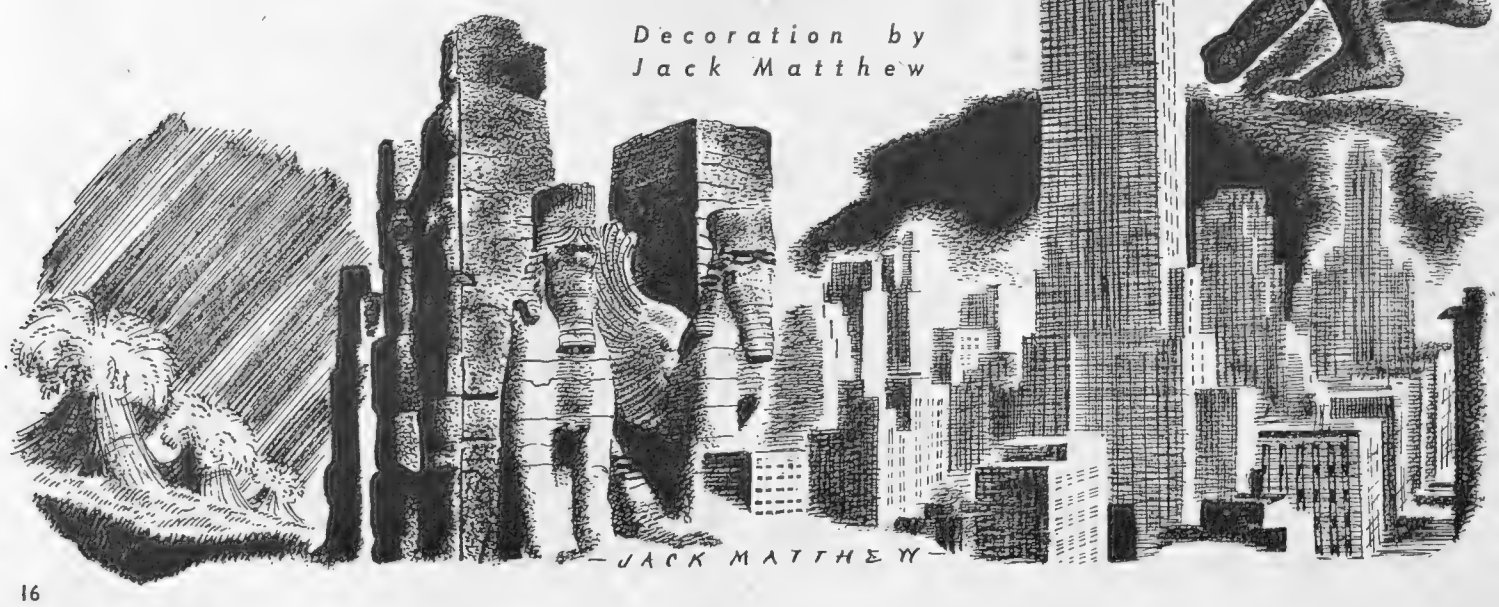
As a family dialogue, the foregoing is somewhat ahead of its time. It is oriented in the days when the Browns manage their lives on the basis of their individual emotional cycles, scientifically ascertained, and recorded in curves on a chart. Lucy Brown, in love with a hat whose cost would severely jolt Mr. Brown, waits to ask him for it until he is out of his cyclical minus zone, when his normal mood ranges from short-tempered to worried and anxious, and at the peak of his plus zone, which starts with pleasant moods, and rises to the day when he leaps out of bed, sings under the cold shower, and at breakfast grants the hat with a laughing: "You'll ruin me!" instead of denying it with a dour: "It can't be done."

I RAN across this cyclic line of research in the course of talking to a Norwegian meteorologist about quite another kind of cycle—the weather cycle. The Norwegian was irate with Sir Ben Smith for not playing Joseph to Mr. Attlee's Pharoah. Joseph made his coup in Egypt's wheat simply by following the cyclic swing between the fat and the lean years and so, according to the Norwegian, the food bosses could have done much to alleviate the drought-caused shortages if they had made use of the weather-cycle lore which science has made available.

From drought cycles and crop cycles, we got on to cycles in general, and it turned out that the meteorologist believed in an emotional cycle, too, and followed his own chart, made by detachedly recording his moods daily over a period of six months. The pioneer in this particular field, Professor Rexford Herse, has been operating his emotional chart for the last eighteen years, working with people when he's in his plus zone, and alone at his desk when in the minus zone. Thus, he shows a moon face to the world—people see only his bright and never his dark side.

It sounds a bit like the gland theory of marriage—you know, find your gland opposite, and live happy ever after. But it has a serious scientific background. It helps psychologists and psychiatrists. It has been carried into the field of industrial accidents. One scientific check showed that eighty-five per cent of accidents happen in the worker's plus period, fifteen in his minus period. He was safest in his middle period, which would be about three days out of four. The apparent explanation is that when a man's "high," he's a little drunk emotionally, his sense of judgment and timing slips (*Continued on page 51*)

Decoration by Jack Matthew



The Pawn Ticket

The Easy Way Of Making A Present Is Not Always The Cheapest

By Johanna Douglas

"I'M sorry, sir, if I spelt the name on the ticket wrong," the pawnbroker said, as he handed over the coat. "The lady didn't specify a 'y'."

THE Smyths lived in a spacious part of Kensington.

Tom Smyth had been born Tom Smith in Stepney some fifty years previously. He went to work in a public house there at the age of fourteen and a half.

It was his own idea to work in the public house and his mother (she was a shop assistant at the big drapery store) needing the money, had objected because she felt she ought to. But only faintly. She was not unduly upset when her objections were overruled. Her son earned good money there.

The respectability of his mother had not been able to counteract a certain quality of uneasy slickness inherited from his deceased father. So that young Tom learnt a thing or two from the more shady frequenters of the "Red Lion" and in time found that he was the owner of a flourishing wine business in the City.

It was at this point that he swapped the "i" for the "y."

He had the good sense, having once established himself, to give up all other methods and conduct his business honestly. He was rich enough to afford honesty. The result of this was that the sharp, watchful expression vanished from his face. His body, lean and taut with the strain of living on his unscrupulous wits, relaxed also.

He was now fifty and fat and genial.

Somewhere along the line he had married a thin woman from Manchester. She worked in a mill and hankered after riches. She thought she saw prospects in Tom Smyth. Nor was she wrong. She enjoyed the substitution of the "y" for the "i" as much as he did. She was now forty, childless and still thin. But her fingers dripped with diamonds.

They chose to live in Kensington because so many of the well-to-do gentry on Tom Smyth's books had Kensington addresses. Therefore a Kensington address must be right. Besides, it was such a delightful change from the slums of Stepney and Manchester. The retired Indian Army colonel who sold them the house was in such an impoverished condition that he no longer cared what manner of vulgarians lived in his lovely home. So long as their money was good. And Tom Smyth's was, nowadays.

ON this particular morning Mrs. Smyth was walking down Bond Street. She looked more angular and over-bejewelled than ever.

Bond Street had always constituted her Mecca. That it was no longer the élite, glamorous quarter it once was did not bother her—if indeed she was aware of the fact at all. Bond Street

fascinated her, the mill worker from Manchester. She was always exhilarated to think that she could now walk its length with the knowledge that it was within her power to buy anything she wanted. And she had in her time bought some curious things. The old aristocratic shops that still remained recognized the *nouveau riche* and persuaded her to buy at enormous cost various objects they would scarcely have dared show their more normal customers.

To-day Mrs. Smyth shivered a little in the crisp air, and so shivering, paused in front of a furrier.

She already possessed two magnificent coats, both bought in this shop. In the choice of furs one could hardly go wrong if one paid sufficient money, although possibly chinchilla and ermine were not the happiest foils for her rather coarse face.

There was a mink in the window. A glorious dark mink. Well, why not? She didn't have a mink. And surely anyone who was anyone at all should own a mink.

"The coat in the window, Modom? The—ah—the mink?"

Mrs. Smyth allowed it to be put on her.

"Why, it suits Modom to perfection. It might have been built specially for her. Yes, positively."

She was unable to resist it.

"£4,000 is nothing for this coat, Modom. It is one of the loveliest coats we have ever fashioned. I can assure you, Modom, the price is nothing compared to the value. And Modom looks so wonderful in it."

Mrs. Smyth had a moment of doubt. It was a lot of money. Even for her husband. Just for a coat. It wasn't as if she didn't have two already. And he had told her recently that they must be a little careful of money for the time being. But it was a lovely coat.

"We shall charge it to Mr. Smyth's account, Modom, of course?"

"Please."

How easy it was. How useful to have a husband whose credit was as good as that.

Mrs. Smyth emerged into Bond Street again, wearing the mink.

It began to rain.

Whether that had anything to do with it or not, her conscience became active. Tom was very generous, of course, but even he might baulk at a third coat of such value. Specially in view of what he had been saying about money.

As the rain grew heavier she became more doubtful of her husband's reaction to the coat. She stopped a taxi and directed it home. On the way she thought that of course she could say it was his birthday present to her. He could hardly object to that.

Having thus decided the matter, Mrs. Smyth felt better and was able to enjoy a thoroughly good and rich lunch.

It might have been indigestion, of course, but after lunch the coat began to worry her again. It was only six months since Tom had bought her the ermine. And come to think of it, the bracelet she had bought last month was really supposed to be her next birthday present. Diamonds it was made of, and plenty of them.

So that disposed of the birthday present idea. Unless the coat could be produced as a sort of subsidiary to the bracelet. But even Mrs. Smyth thought it was a pretty handsome subsidiary.

Well, she could keep it hidden until a suitable opportunity came to bring it out. No, that would not work because the bill would be sent to Tom. She might look out for it and grab it. But she might easily miss it.

Mrs. Smyth never quite knew how the idea happened to strike her: it was probably something to do with her poverty-stricken past. But at any rate, shortly after tea, she thought of the ideal solution to the coat trouble.

She would pawn it and pay the shop herself. Of course, she mightn't get all of the £4,000, but if she got, say, £3,000, she could make up the remainder when her next allowance fell due. The shop would be quite willing. She was, after all, Mrs. Tom Smyth. Tom would never see the bill. At the same time the mink would be in safe keeping until some later date when she could persuade Tom that what she really needed was a mink, and then she could redeem it with the money he would give her, and produce it as from the shop.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

AT about six o'clock that evening Tom Smyth was crossing a particular road in Soho on a visit connected with business.

A small, bright green object caught his eye. The inherent curiosity which had been so helpful in his upward climb had never entirely left him so he stooped with difficulty and picked up the bright green paper.

Tom Smyth whistled. This was certainly something.

"Mrs. Smith," the pawn ticket said. "One mink coat. Value £3,000."

Some poor woman, he thought with his fat geniality, has had to pop her coat, and probably got only a third of the money, too. What a shame. Still she probably deserved it. He congratulated himself that his wife had two coats, each more expensive than mink, and that she would never be in the position of having to pop them.

At the same time, the sharp wits that had propelled him upward, realized that this ticket could be put to good use.

Here was an easy way of giving Sybil that coat she was always worrying him about.

"Now, Sugar," she would say, when he called her into his office for dictation, ostensibly. "Now, Sugar, how about a nice little coat for Sybil? Why, anything might happen if a girl had a nice little coat."

Yes, obviously she was going to hold out until he gave her a coat.

THE pawnbroker looked at Mr. Smyth when he presented the ticket and a cheque.

"Well, I always says," he remarked, "it's for a husband to come to his wife's help in matters like this."

"Eh? Oh—er—yes. Yes, of course." Mr. Smyth had forgotten in his excitement that the names were the same, though spelt a little differently.

"I'm sorry, sir, if I spelt the name on the ticket wrong," the pawnbroker said,

THE luscious young woman slowly rose to show Mrs. Smyth into her husband's room

as he handed over the coat. "The lady didn't specify a 'y'."

"Quite—er—no, of course not. I mean, why should she?" Tom Smyth was a little vague, the pawnbroker thought.

It was a most beautiful coat. Mr. Smyth chuckled when he reached the street. For one thing he had got the coat at half of its value he guessed, and it looked brand new. A bargain like that delighted him. For another, Sybil would be charmed into a generous mood, and—thirdly—this would mean he would get what he wanted in that line.

MRS. SMYTH'S telephone was out of order. This would be awkward at the best of times, but at this particular moment it was extremely irritating.

Incredibly enough, she had just made the astonishing discovery that the champagne was almost finished. In view of the party she was giving to-night it was a major catastrophe. Lord and Lady Taymore who lived on the opposite side of the square were two of the guests (they were very poor, and felt a free meal was worth an evening with the Smyths). And Major and Mrs. Lochlade were two more. Mrs. Smyth wanted to do the thing properly for people like that, and as she saw it, a party without champagne was just not done. Or it might be truer to say that the Smyths relied upon the excellence of their champagne to impress their own importance upon their guests.

How the cellar could have reached this degree of emptiness in the champagne direction was a mystery. It was certainly very careless of Tom. What was the use of a husband owning a wine business if he didn't see that his own cellars were properly stocked. And now the telephone was out of order and she couldn't reach him that way.

Well, there was only one thing to do. Mrs. Smyth did it.

Arriving in her husband's City headquarters, she was shown up to his outer sanctum. She found that this was inhabited by a young woman of luscious build and with platinum curls.

Mrs. Smyth sat down, albeit impatiently, to wait until her husband should be finished with the client at present with him in the inner office.

Therefore she had time to examine the young woman more fully. She certainly was an eye-opener, Mrs. Smyth thought vulgarly in the language of the cotton mills. So this was what he was up to on the quiet, was it? Well, she would have a few things to say about that. Rage welled up inside her.

And then she saw the coat.

It was hanging behind the young woman's desk. There was no mistaking it. It was the same dark mink, with the same particular marking on the wide collar.

Mrs. Smyth's mouth fell open, but no sound came out of it.

She opened her handbag and began fumbling rapidly about inside it. It soon became clear that the green pop-shop ticket was not there. With increasing uneasiness she remembered that coming out of the pawn shop she had dropped some things out of her bag. She had picked the things up, but in the confusion she must have left the ticket lying in the road. Of all things to happen.

The client emerged and the luscious young woman slowly rose to show Mrs. Smyth into her husband's room.

"Well . . ." she started, anger and fury again mounting over the platinum girl. Tom wasn't going to get away with it. Playing about with a piece like that.

"Well—what, dear?" Mr. Smyth inquired. He was a little preoccupied with something his last visitor had said and was so far unaware (*Continued on page* 61)

The Bird's Egg

Fascinating Aspects Of One Of Nature's Wonders

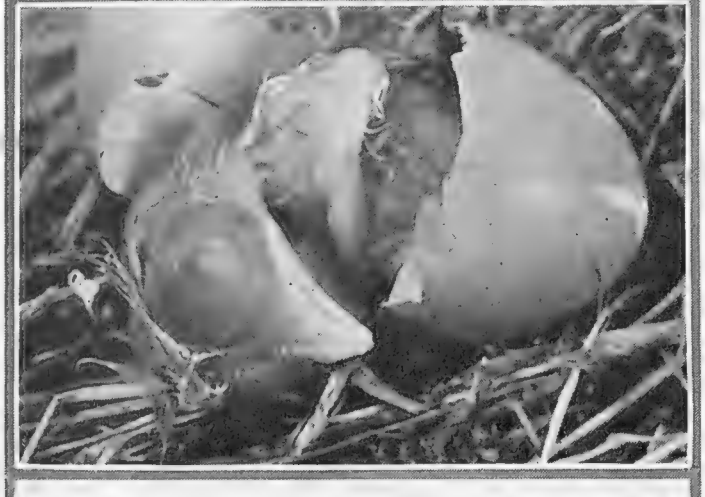
By Frank W. Lane

A BIRD'S egg is a remarkable piece of work, and its manufacture inside the body of the hen is a complicated process. When the embryo egg has been formed it passes along a sort of "conveyor belt" and first one set of glands and then another adds bits to it until it emerges as the egg we know.

FRAGRANT APPLE BLOSSOM AND A THRUSH'S NEST CONTAINING FOUR BLUE EGGS PRESENT A LOVELY SPRING PICTURE

THE FEMALE CANADA GOOSE PROVIDES DOWN FROM HER OWN BREAST TO LINE THE NEST

NEST AND EGGS OF KILDEER PLOVER LAID AMID STONES AND ROCK



BABY THRUSH AFTER BREAKING OUT OF EGG. NOTE EGG "TOOTH" ON TOP OF BEAK

The first glands cover it with a gelatinous albumen or "white" and the next with a double skin or membrane. Other glands cover it with a limy shell. The colouring of the shell comes from waste pigments of the blood and bile and other internal secretions. The whole process may last twenty hours.

Eggs sometimes change colour after they have been laid. The sun, for example, may bleach them, and eggs taken away from a nest often lose part of their original brilliance. Some birds change the colour of their eggs themselves. Great grebes and dabchicks lay eggs which are quite white, but these birds have the habit, when leaving their nests, of covering their treasures with wet sedge or weed. This practice, together with the trampling of the eggs by the bird's muddy webbed feet, soon stains the eggs to a dirty buff colour.

Although the shapes of eggs vary considerably, they are all built upon the general plan of the oval. Such a shape possesses several advantages. It ensures that the rigid shell has the peculiar strength of the arch, whereby pressure is evenly distributed. This lessens the possibilities of breakage. In addition, an oval shape facilitates periodic shifting of the clutch, reduces the area of the surface which is exposed when the nest is temporarily deserted, and also enables a larger quantity of food to be stored for the embryo chick than in a vessel of equal surface but of a different shape.

But within the general pattern of an oval, eggs exhibit many divergent shapes and sizes. It has been suggested that the shape of an egg bears a relation to the form of the bird that is to be hatched from it. Thus, long-legged and long-billed birds, such as snipe and plover, come from elongated eggs, while round-headed birds with short legs, such as owls, come from round eggs. It is an ingenious theory but unfortunately for its truth there are several exceptions in both classes.

But what is true is that in a number of instances there is some relation between the shape of a bird's egg and the environment where it was laid. A guillemot's egg is a good example. It is one of the longest eggs of any British bird and is pear shaped, tapering almost to a point at the narrow end.

A guillemot makes no nest, and the eggs are frequently laid on the bare, open, level ledges of cliffs. If the egg were round, like an owl's, it would be easily jostled by the wind, or knocked by a chance blow, into the sea. But owing to its shape a knock tends to make it spin round—the pointed end being the centre of a circle of rotation. In addition, the surface of the egg is roughened and this may act as a further safeguard to prevent it rolling seawards. But there is no truth in the old belief that the guillemot uses home-made glue to stick its eggs to the cliff edge!

EGGS which are laid on pebbly beaches or on areas of stones and shingle are shaped to resemble their surroundings. Such eggs not only look the same shape as pebbles, but are coloured similarly. Birds which lay a fairly large number of relatively large eggs can cover them because of their special shape, which is cone-shaped so that when the pointed ends are turned inward they pack into the segments of a circle. (*Continued on page 61*)

Old Tales Re-told

Wolf In The Fold

The Story of Father Girard and Mdlle. Cadière

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

NO nation can boast of a clean sheet in the matter of persecutions and cruelties in the name of religion. Patriotic fervour has always conjured up in all of us, irrespective of nationality, an exaggerated vision of a glorious past, in spite of the fact that in this same glorious past we have the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, the slaughter of the Huguenots on the night of St. Bartholomew, the stakes at Smithfield, the frightful example of the Borgias, and innumerable other crimes committed by practically every nation of this ancient and incorrigible Europe. Apart from collective acts of violence perpetrated by fanatical mobs, prompted by ignorance, prejudice, and that latent brutality which no degree of civilisation has ever yet blotted out from human nature, there are other cases where the mentality of man has reached such a degree of absurdity that it is hard to believe that such things could really have happened.

It was alleged that the nun bore the same wounds as those of the Saviour. Blood caused by an invisible crown of thorns was continually streaming from her forehead

One of these extraordinary episodes occurred in France in 1731 when the madness and mismanagement of Versailles had already caused the nation to fall into a state of corruption and intrigue. The twenty-year-old King Louis XV., already embarked on a life of debauchery, was, strangely enough, also maintaining a strict religious observance. An obedient marionette, the strings of which were simultaneously pulled by opposing parties. At one moment he was under the thumb of his tutor, the old Cardinal Fleury; the next, succumbing to the charms of one of his mistresses, he was capable of taking a completely contrary attitude.

Officials of the Court, Ministers, magistrates, women of the aristocracy, generals, every high dignitary, in fact, were all fighting strenuously for power and all

were using more or less the same weapons—a fascinating beauty who could use her influence over her sire in favour of her friends. Her influence reached a degree of supreme domination, and the favourite was raised to the lofty position of Official Mistress, which was a generally-recognised rank even in the presence of the Queen at Court, who was too disgusted and sickened to vindicate her dignity.

The clergy, not satisfied with being free from taxation, wanted their own court of justice without Government interference or subservience to existing laws. Constant pressure by Cardinal Fleury on the King resulted in their scoring success after success against Parliament, until one day the King himself, with great pomp, and accompanied by an impressive military escort, went to Parliament to enforce the Papal Bull. Parliament trembled, for it was known only too well that any resistance to the haughty young King would have resulted in its destruction. Despite that, out of two hundred members only forty voted in favour of the registration of the Bull. Nevertheless, these forty votes were declared to be a majority.

For the magistracy and the guardian of the royal prerogatives the blow was a grave one and would have had disastrous consequences had not an unexpected and sudden storm come from the south of France to upset the victory and rock the whole structure of Catholic power. A scandal that threw into utter disrepute the Jesuit Order which, more than any other religious order, was held to be the most strict in observing rigid and inflexible morality.

Many of the young nuns were stripped of their clothing and left naked in the underground sewers which were alive with rats

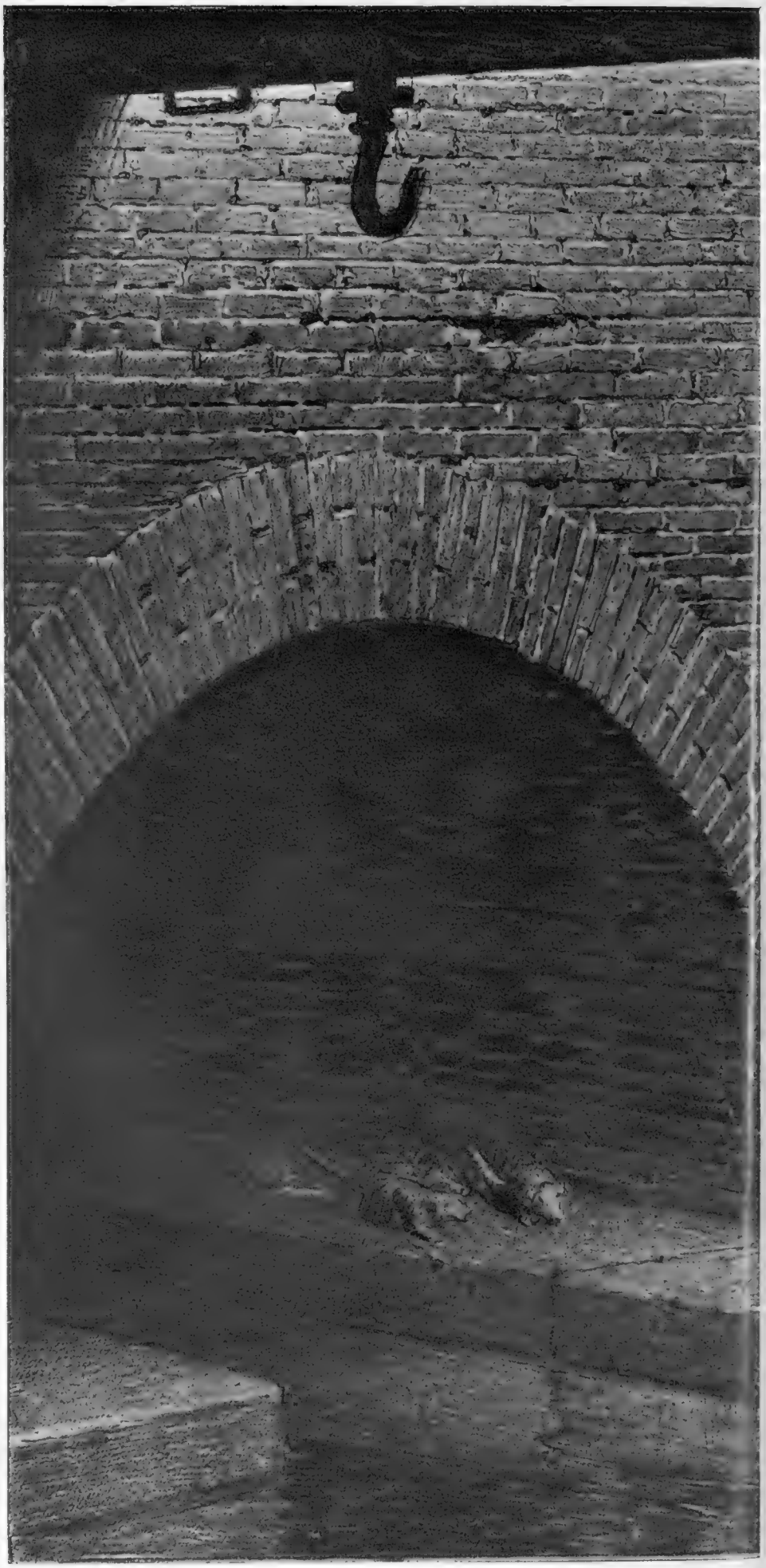
For years the Jesuits had been fighting the faction of the Jansenists and their theories of free-will introduced by Bishop Jansen in opposition to the Jesuits. To gain sympathisers the Jansenists succeeded in producing a certain miracle that made a great impression on the public. In order not to be outdone, the Jesuits produced a miracle of their own to which they gave great publicity.

SITUATED at Toulon was the Convent of d'Ollioules, where the young nuns were trained under the spiritual guidance of Father Girard, a sinister-looking middle-aged Jesuit priest. He enforced the strictest control on the absolute seclusion of the young novices from any direct or indirect contact with the outside world.

One day a great stir was caused among the credulous people of Toulon when they were told that a miracle had taken place in the Convent, where it was alleged that there was a nun who bore the same wounds as those of the Saviour. Blood caused by an invisible crown of thorns was continually streaming from her forehead. There were also wounds in the palms of her hands and on her feet. Crowds flocked night and day round the doors of the Convent, while there was a constant pilgrimage of the devout as the news spread through France. The " saint " was a certain Mademoiselle Cadière, a timid young girl not yet twenty, hailing from a middle-class French family.

Some weeks later, when the story of the miracle had had ample time to spread to every corner of France, and the name of Mademoiselle Cadière was on every lip, came the startling revelation that the " saint," from whom the believers were expecting all sorts of miracles and the ability to heal the sick, was about to become a mother. Those who would not hear anything said against the Jesuits believed, or pretended to believe, that it was a perfidious lie invented to damage the reputation of Loyola's followers, but the ordinary people, always ready to gloat over a sensational piece of news, were loud in their condemnation and, with that biting wit so characteristic of the French, lost no opportunity in hurling the most scurrilous witticisms against old Girard.

Meanwhile, those families which had entrusted their girls to the spiritual direction of the Jesuit priest, became alarmed, and despite the barriers they encountered at the threshold of



the Convent, succeeded in getting in touch with their relatives within the forbidden walls. It was not Mademoiselle Cadière alone who was in this pitiable condition, but also many others were found to be in the same embarrassing state. Daughters of rich merchants, peasant girls, others from aristocratic families, all had fallen victims of the unscrupulous priest who kept them under an iron discipline and exacted absolute and explicit obedience. The scandal assumed gigantic proportions, as did the hue and cry of the public, not only at Toulon but throughout the country. The Jansenists who, until the whole truth was ascertained, had maintained a discreet silence, being now sure of their facts, burst forth with the most violent accusations. Their denunciations were not confined only to Girard's having taken advantage of the innocence of the girls

entrusted to his care, but they maintained that, he being old and ugly and utterly repulsive, he could never have succeeded unless he had summoned the devil-inspired arts of sorcery and magic to his aid, and they suggested that he should be burned at the stake as a wizard as was the famous Father Gauffridi a century before.

IN order to foment public outcry against the Jesuits, the case of Gauffridi was brought to light again and pamphlets relating the whole story were distributed far and wide. The similarity of the two cases is such that it is worth while giving a brief summary of the principal points of the extraordinary affair.

In a convent at Louviers many of the young nuns had submitted to the will of their confessor, Father Gauffridi, who had, with distorted theories and an evil mesmeric power, completely confused their minds. When the scandal became known, the victims were subjected to all kinds of violence. Various forms of torture were perpetrated on the unfortunate girls. Some were shut up in the charnel house all night in company with the bones of the dead; others were stripped of their clothing and their flesh punctured with needles, while yet others were left naked in the underground sewers, which were alive with rats.

Father Gauffridi, in order to clear himself, selected one of the nuns, Madeleine de la Palud, as a scapegoat on whom he threw all the responsibility. The poor victim was described as a witch who had cast her evil spell over him and made him do whatever she willed.

The eagerness to save the priest at any cost was such that an important witness, none other than Father Michaelis, the Pope's Inquisitor at the tower of Avignon, came forward to corroborate this line of defence. He declared that he had submitted Madeleine de la Palud to the most careful and thorough examination, and had found that she was possessed by the power of evil to such an extent that he had, by the aid of extreme exorcism, himself drawn from her six thousand six hundred devils in one compact gluey mass. The Provençal Parliament gave to this defence the attention it deserved, and at Marseilles, Father Gauffridi paid the penalty of his crimes by undergoing the terrible ordeal of purification by fire.

THE terrible example of the fate of Gauffridi did not, however, dismay the brazen Girard. The scoundrel adopted the same line of defence by throwing the onus of his misdeeds on the girl who was supposed to be a saint, Mademoiselle Cadière, and that he did with the full support of all the Jesuits.

The case was brought before the Parliament of Aix, and whilst the trial was in progress, thousands assembled in the streets of many cities of the south, all quite certain that no serious-minded court could accept the absurd statements of the old rascal.

But the verdict was such as to produce a cry of horror from every right-minded person. The offender was to die by strangulation, but—the culprit was not the old Jesuit Girard: it was the girl who had made the priest an innocent victim of her iniquity. But this was only the judgment of the preliminary court, and the case had to be referred to a higher court.

It would require a whole volume to describe the attempts made by the Jesuits to deviate the trend of justice, to gag the witnesses, and to pass off as virtue their flagrant obscenities and dishonesty.

The Bishop of Toulon tried earnestly to save the poor girl, but he soon became the object of the most violent intimidations, with the result that he went over to the other party and became accuser instead of protector.

The king's representative, to whom the unhappy girl appealed for mercy, was also influenced by the frowning circle of black-robed Jesuit priests, and her appeal was rejected.

As the days passed, more and more unedifying details concerning the secret happenings within the walls of the Convent d'Ollioules became known. The wealth brought by the ladies of high rank and of their meetings with the monks, the ways (*Continued on page 52*)

Father Girard was free! When he left the court, accompanied by the President, they both had to run for their lives to escape the anger of the public

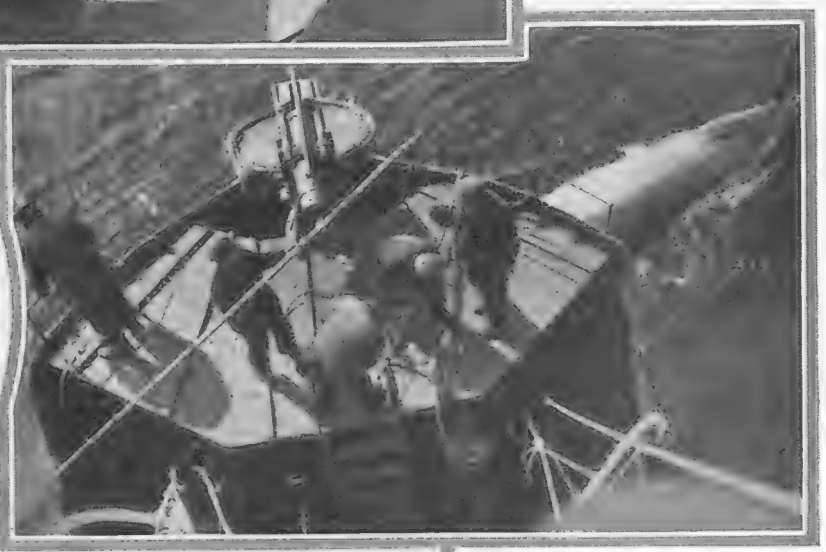
The biggest merchantman in the world, the whaling factory ship "Unitas" alongside the dockside at Bremerhaven. This tremendous vessel was taken over by the Ministry of War Transport, and after a refit at Southampton is now on a whaling expedition in the Antarctic. The vessel now sails under the name of "Empire Victory"

"There She Blows!"

The Days of the Whalermen of "Moby Dick" Fame have passed into the Limbo of Forgotten Times. But the Chase for the Leviathan of the Icy Seas goes on anew

By

Warren Armstrong



Aboard the United States' factory whaling ship "Ulysses." Huge steel claws are drawing up a whale by its tail to the cutting-up deck

In the bows of a whale-catcher. The harpoon gunners have harpooned a whale which has then been drawn up alongside the ship

OCEAN-GOING tugs nosed her great bulk gently alongside; deck and dock-hands passed the pipelines aboard, and the sea giant greedily took her fill of fuel oil, 21,000 tons of it, largest quantity ever supplied in any port to any one ship. But she was a monster, largest factory of the International Whaling Fleet; she ranked as the biggest merchantman in the world. Her name was *Unitas*. And her port of registry German. She belonged to a subsidiary of Unilever.

Flags of six nations were flown by that last pre-war whaling expedition; thirty-five parent vessels and 250 keel-less catcher-ships, with a total personnel of nearly 12,000 men. Men who came from Norway, from Britain, America, the Commonwealth and Soviet Russia; some could neither read nor write. Butchers, they were, and labourers, deck-hands, flensers, engineers. Financial giant of them all is the harpoon gunner, who gets paid on the *footage* of whales he kills. Handsomely paid, too. An ace-gunner aims to make as much as £5,000 for a three-and-a-half months' whaling season.

So we took the sea giant towards the South, where biting winds snatch cruelly at a man's lungs, where our ropes would become snake-like things of glittering ice, and where our diminutive catcher-ships would buck like wild prairie ponies while the bitter blast snatched savagely at the lookout men.

Two broad backs breaking surface was our first sight of the mammoth leviathan at close quarters.

Normally, a whale comes up to breathe once every fifteen minutes, "blowing" at twelve to fifteen-second intervals before it submerges. If the jet of used air and spray is high and straight, the whale is a "blue," largest of its kind, between eighty and ninety feet long, eighty to a hundred tons and more in weight. A low, forward-tilted spray is peculiar to the sperm class, favourite game of the "Moby Dick" bearded whalermen of the hand-harpoon days. And the clouded puff of mist close to the surface of the sea comes from the fast "fin" whale, greyhound of the Antarctic. Like his contemporaries, that long-legged gunner was after the "blues," because they meant more money—*and those two jets were high and very straight!*

He let them blow. Once. Twice. He had selected his target; he was waiting for the quick flash of a great forked fin.

A slow, almost rhythmic roll in the cold green . . . and the gun barked. Split second later, from a nearby catcher, another gun spoke. And two 125 lb. five foot steel harpoons, flaking stout manila one-third of a mile long, shot across the windswept surface and went crashing into the beasts. Flenser-men, deck-hands, labourers, engineers, a score of others, watched in utter silence. They had seen it all a dozen times and more. But the awe-inspiring sight has never lost interest.

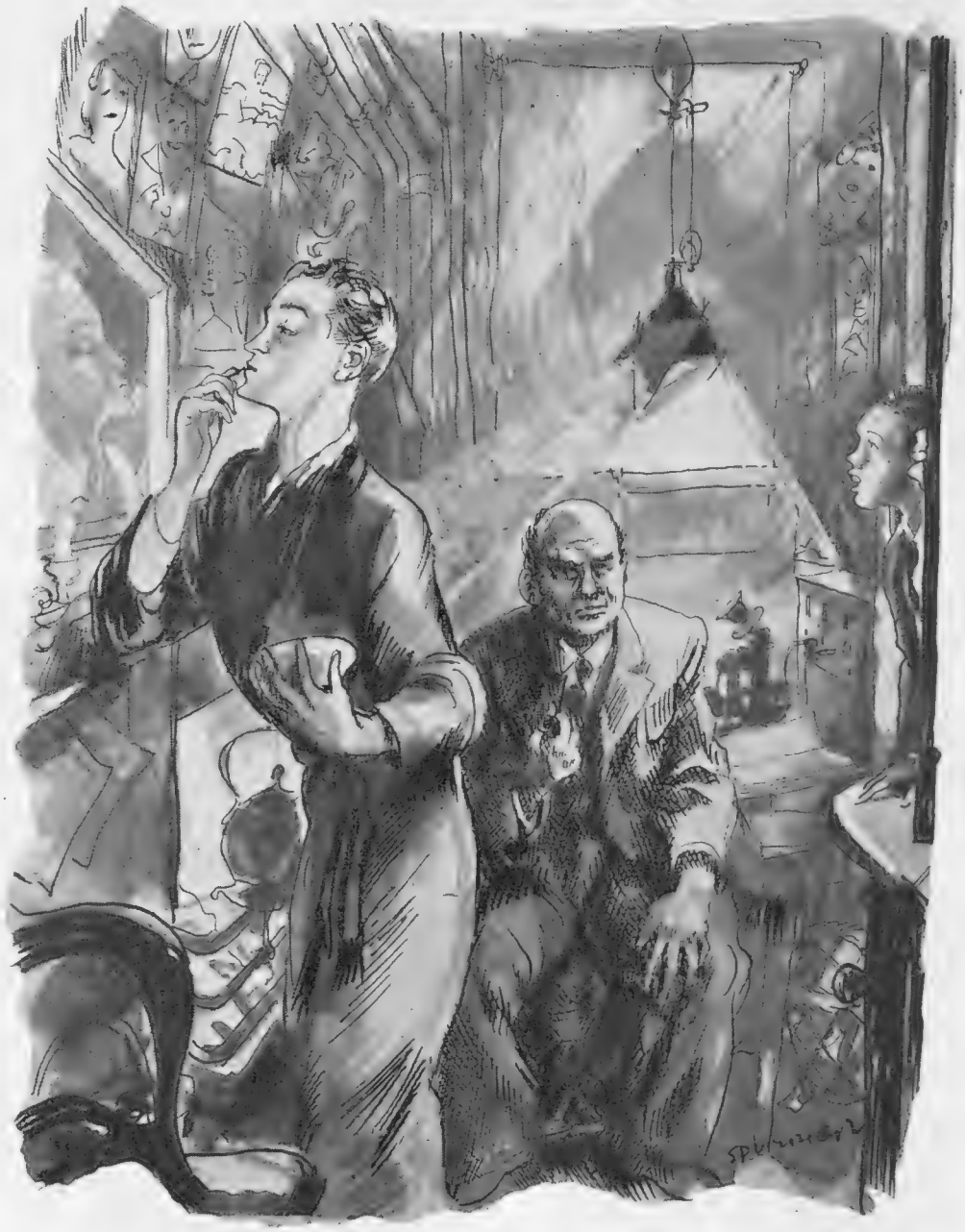
As the harpoons struck, and the spear-head bombs exploded, unleashing the barbs that opened in the bodies of the whales like the (*Continued on page* 56)

A Puzzle

SITTING in the stalls or dress circle of the Coronet Theatre you might find it hard to imagine why girls shivered involuntarily when offered a job in the chorus there. The auditorium is as tastefully decorated as any in the West End of London, but the budget for renovation did not run to extra little luxuries. Even the star dressing-rooms are threadbare and heated by sputtering gas fires, and a chill draught whistles through the narrow passages leading to the wings. Successive generations of chorus girls have referred to their cold bleak dressing-room as "The Morgue" and some, one fears, have used even more expressive phrases.

Considerations of temperature may partly account for the vast popularity enjoyed by Kelsey. Mighty £250 a week musical-comedy heroes have lounged in his cubby-hole just inside the stage door and stood with their backs to the blazing fire rather than shiver in their dressing-rooms waiting to go on stage. Call-boys used to come scampering down the passage and tap on the door, yelling "Five minutes, Mr. Lacey," and the handsome matinée idol would sigh wistfully and lend a last touch to his make-up in Kelsey's mirror.

"Wish I had your job, Kelsey!" he might say as he dragged himself from Kelsey's snug cabin with the famous smile ready to be switched on for his first entrance. More than one famous lady of the theatre has braved Kelsey's vile shag for the privilege of being admitted to the hospitality of his cabin.



THE handsome matinée idol would sigh wistfully and lend a last touch to his make-up in Kelsey's mirror

HOW many years Kelsey has been sitting in that old basket-chair of his nobody seems to know exactly, but round the walls are photographs affectionately inscribed by such immortals as Ellen Terry, Duse, Lily Langtry, Irving. He rarely talks about himself, but old Kate, who has run the pit saloon bar for twenty-eight years, taps her nose mysteriously when a chorus girl or a reporter begins to ask questions.

"Used to be on the stage hisself," she says solemnly. "Married some society dame. When she died he went on the drink. Been a doorman 'ere for donkey's years." Kelsey won't even tell you that much even if your name's outside the theatre in electric lights a yard high.

"Private life's my own," he snapped at one inquisitive actress with a look from his frosty blue eyes that rasped right through her fur coat. It cost her many, many pints of beer before she was restored to favour.

On this particular evening in mid-March he was puffing contentedly on his pipe with a newspaper in his hand. Two chorus girls sailed in on their way to the dressing-room.

"Evening, Kelsey," said the red-head with a bright smile. "Any messages for me?"

Kelsey shook his head and gave her a slow wink. "Not yet. But I'll give you the tip the moment he rings up. He will!"

"Bless you," she murmured, kissing the top of his white bald head.

The blonde tossed back a cascade of curls that reached to her shoulders.

"If there are any calls for me," she said in a languid drawl, "please say I'm not to be disturbed. And I'm engaged for supper."

Kelsey gave a slight shrug and sucked noisily at his pipe.

"Sent up some flowers for you a few minutes ago," he said curtly. The phone bell sizzled and he let it ring for a few seconds before reaching for the receiver.

"Coronet Theatre. Stage door. Sorry, can't do that, sir. Besides, she's booked for supper. Sorry, sir." He replaced the receiver and nodded to the blonde.

"That was for you," he murmured, picking up his newspaper. She stepped forward with a squeak of dismay. "Who was it? Why didn't you tell me?" She stamped her foot with irritation.

"Name of Holland. Group Captain Holland. Seemed disappointed like," said Kelsey.

The blonde's mouth twisted angrily. "How dare you?" she screamed. "I'll report this to Mr. Fraser, you see if I don't!" The languid drawl had suddenly telescoped into an angry Cockney whine. "I've been waiting ages for him to ring, and you've gone and messed it all up."

"Those were your orders, miss," he said quietly. "Engaged for supper." He blew a puff of dark smoke at the ceiling. "No fault of mine if you get your men mixed up."

THE two girls had gone. He looked up at the clock. Twenty minutes before the opening chorus. Then a few minutes before the call-boy came in to take over while he slipped into the "Crown and Jolly Miller" for a quick pint. All sensation save that of a Saharan thirst subsided within him. His throat was parched dry and the clock was ticking slowly, deliberately.

There was a nervous tap on the window labelled "Inquiries." Must be a stranger, thought Kelsey irritably; probably some darned fool woman wanting Chester's autograph. He got up heavily and lifted the window. He saw a face with bright button

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

For Kelsey

. . . But He Solved His Problem With A Good-Hearted Gesture

By Stanley Jackson

eyes and a needle-thin moustache. The mouth was parted in a quick eager smile, and Kelsey glimpsed a bulky brief-case. Journalist . . . nuisance . . . wants to buttonhole Chester or maybe Josephine Valez . . . they'll be in soon . . . must get rid of him. The suspicions twitched in his brain, but he raised politely questioning eyebrows.

"Are you Mr. Kelsey?" asked the stranger. Before Kelsey had finished his nod of agreement the fellow was in his cabin, shaking him warmly by the hand and standing, long legs straddled, with his back to the fire.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Kelsey," he said briskly. "My name's Thompson. I'm from the *Sunday Reporter*. Hope you don't mind me barging in like this? I know you don't finish work until late so I popped in." He blotted the last square inch of fire from Kelsey's view. "Nice cosy spot," he murmured stooping to take folders and a notebook from his brief case.

By this time Kelsey had got his breath back. His thick white eyebrows knotted in suspicion.

"Young man," he began icily. "This *is* a nice cosy spot and I don't entertain visitors here." He looked meaningly up at the clock. "If you want publicity you must go and see the manager, Mr. Mitchell." He knocked his pipe out on the mantelpiece. "In exactly seven minutes from now I'm due over the road for a pint of beer." Wait a minute, he thought quickly, this bloke might stand me a couple if he's steered right. He got up and lounged against the side of the basket-chair.

"Don't mean to be rude, Mr. Thompson," he said softly, "but we get so many silly questions asked about Mr. Chester. What does he think about marriage, and who's his favourite Hollywood actress, and does he approve of women wearing no hats, and all that." He spread his bony hands. "I know you have got to earn a living, same as me, but you must see the manager."

The young man shook his head and grinned. "I want to talk to you," he said firmly.

"No can do," said Kelsey impatiently, glancing again at the clock. Where was that wretched call-boy! Soft hammers of thirst were beating at his throat.

Thompson began to laugh, showing sparkling white teeth under his thin moustache. He took out a pencil and flipped open his notebook.

"Mr. Kelsey," he said smoothly, "I believe you entered our competition to place the ten leading actresses of the day in the correct order of popularity. Is that the case?"

Kelsey nodded absent-mindedly, but his brain was ticking over. It's not Chester but Valez he wants to gossip about, he thought. That story about how she ran away from her papa's

MRS. WEBB opened the door and gave them a surprised look. "Just bumped into Joyce," said Kelsey cheerfully. "Forgot my key"

hacienda should be worth a couple of pints, maybe a Scotch. These journalists always had good expense accounts.

He nodded solemnly. "I'm not strictly allowed to talk about our leading lady——" he began.

The reporter made no reply. His eyes raked the little room, noting details. His pencil was busy scribbling shorthand.

"How long have you been at the Coronet?" he inquired. Then, looking up, he saw Kelsey's red face growing exasperated. "Think I ought to mention," he said casually, "that you've tied for first place with another reader. You split the £1,500 between you." The old man was cramming his pipe with a fill of shag. He stopped short as if paralysed, rather like an actor in a film that has stopped running.

"Seven hundred and fifty quid," he said slowly. He shivered as if he were cold. "Is it true?" he breathed.

"Of course it is!" said the reporter heartily. "Now, I want you to give me a story for Sunday. You know, tell our readers about your life in the theatre. And we'll want a picture," he added briskly.

Kelsey looked at him without seeing him. Seven hundred and fifty . . . seven hundred and fifty. . . . In his mind's eye he saw bundles of neat crisp pound notes. Automatically, like a robot, he finished filling his pipe, but stared at the bowl with glazed unseeing eyes.

"I'm a bit late," said a voice through the mist. Kelsey looked up. It was the call-boy. Everything jerked back suddenly into focus. He lit his pipe and winked at the reporter.

"We'll adjourn across the road for a noggin," he said. "Won't be long," he told the call-boy over his shoulder. Drinks all round to-night, he thought, as he strode into the public bar of the "Crown and Jolly Miller." But he pushed the idea aside almost at once.

"Not a word about this to anyone, Mr. Thompson," he murmured, claiming his favourite seat in the corner.

The reporter looked surprised. "What's wrong, old boy? Anyone would think I'd brought bad news instead of——"

"Never mind that," said Kelsey sharply. He smiled mysteriously and then took a hearty gulp at his pint of bitter. "One doesn't pick up dough like this every day." The look of suspicion came into his face again. "When do you say I collect?"

"The cheque will be in your letter-box in the morning, first thing," said the young man. "I've thought of having a photographer over at your house. You know, picture of you with the cheque in your hand and the postman smiling ——"

Kelsey gulped down the rest of his pint and wiped his lips with a vast spotted handkerchief. He shook his head slowly.

"No pictures and no story," he declared very firmly. "And I don't want my name in the paper either. Didn't I send my entry in under a fancy name? 'Stardust,' wasn't it?"

Thompson nodded gloomily. "But, surely, I don't see——"

"I do!" snapped Kelsey, clicking his teeth. "What d'you think would happen if everyone saw my name and address in the paper?" He leaned back against the wall and stared at the ceiling. "Drinks on me every time I walked into this bar. My landlady would stick up the price of my room. She's been threatening to do it a dozen times. Every Tom, Dick and Harry would write to me. Cadgers by every post." He screwed up his eyes. "Easy come, easy go, you know, my lad." He snapped his fingers at the barmaid. "Two pints and two big Scotches," he ordered. She gave him a surprised nod and murmured something to the landlord.

"Backed a winner, Tom?" he asked with a laugh.

"That's right," said Kelsey. He turned to the reporter who gave him a rueful smile. "You won't print my name, will you, son?" he pleaded. Thompson shook his head. "Not against your wishes, Mr. Kelsey," he said gloomily, "but I should have liked to have had a story." He sipped his whisky and his eyes skimmed over Kelsey's lined face and shabby old black coat.

"Best of luck to you, anyway," he murmured. "No doubt you'll give yourself a good holiday. You can afford to take things a bit easier now."

Kelsey gave a snort and held up a bony finger. "That's what I'm driving at," he said sharply. "If anyone at the theatre hears of this I'm out of my job in a second. There's plenty as wants it." He closed his eyes and a gentle smile played over his mouth. "You wouldn't understand, son, but I'd go crazy without the theatre. It's meat and drink to me, sitting in my room with the fire and my pipe and the crowd bobbing in at all hours." He called for the same again, despite the reporter's protests, and much to the amazement of the barmaid. "And have one (*Continued on page* 61)

HE snapped his fingers at the barmaid. "Two pints and two big Scotches," he ordered

Mrs. Beeton Died Very Young

By John Williams

Mrs. Beeton (1836-1865) whose bulky "Book of Household Management," has been a housekeeping classic for the last eighty-five years

IT is unlikely that any Victorian housewife ever wanted to make parrot pie or roast a wallaby, but if she had a dozen parakeets or a wallaby it could be done—the recipe, along with thousands of others, was in *Mrs. Beeton*.

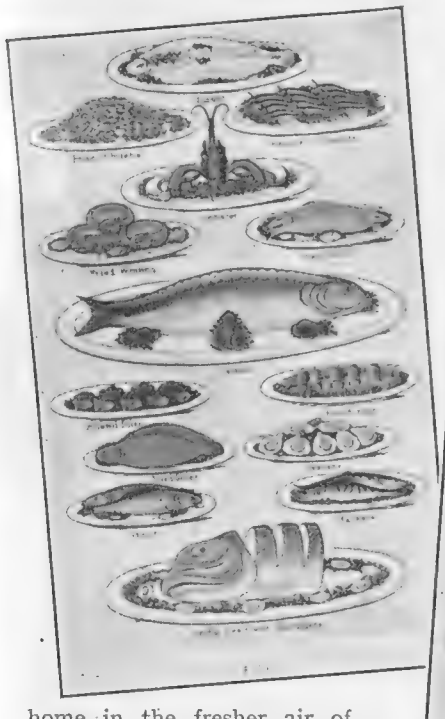
What sort of woman was Mrs. Beeton, whose bulky *Book of Household Management*, selling in tens of thousands, has been a housekeeping classic for the last eighty-five years? Tradition pictures her as something of a domestic dragon, stout, imposing, matronly. She was, in fact, vivacious, versatile, beautiful—and young. She died aged twenty-eight.

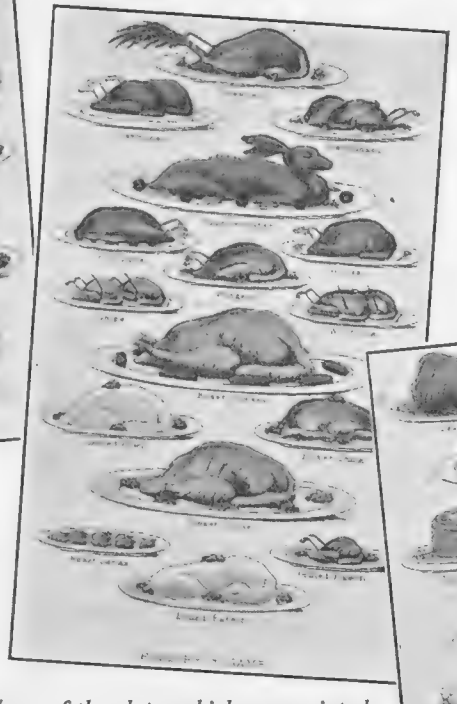
Into her short life she crowded a busy childhood, marriage, motherhood (she had four boys), and a promising career of journalism and authorship in which she produced a masterpiece.

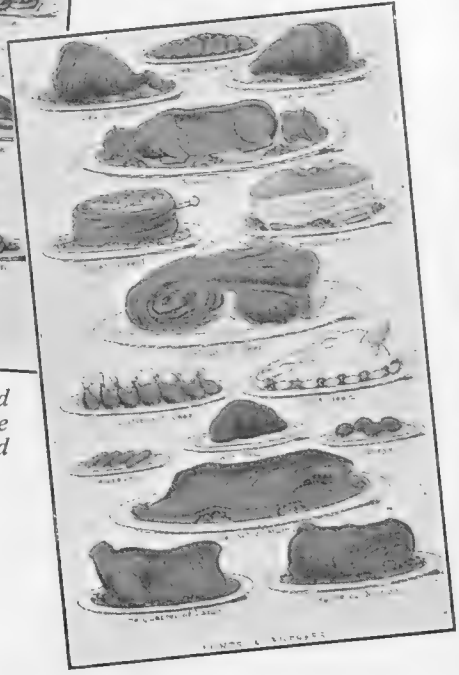
Isabella Mary Mayson was born in March, 1836, in Milk Street, off Cheapside, and here she spent her first eight years. She was a pretty child, blue-eyed, brown-haired and lively. In 1841 her father died and three years later her mother married Mr. Henry Dorling, taking her family of three girls and a boy to a new home in the fresher air of Epsom.

Menu.	Recipe No.	Quantity.	Aver'ge Cost.
			s. d.
Chicken Soup.	349	2½ pts.	3 6
Baked Sturgeon.	566	1 fish	6 0
Lobster Cutlets.	596	6 cuts.	2 6
Kidney Toast.	1093	6	2 0
Leg of Lamb.	1121	1 joint	6 0
Salad.	1622	1	1 6
Sweet Omelette.	2021	1 dish	1 3
Lemon Cream.	2000	1	2 0
Devilled Roes.		1 dish	1 6
Vegetables with joint { *Potatoes.*	1065	2 lbs.	2
Vegetables with joint { *Peas.*	1597	1 peck	1 0
			1 7 5

A dinner menu for the month of May for 6 persons







Three of the plates which were printed in colours in the 1888 edition, the first cookery book to be illustrated

Much of the sage advice contained in *Mrs. Beeton* was the fruit of Isabella's years at Epsom. The household, already large enough with the four Mayson children and four children of Mr. Dorling's first marriage, was in true Victorian style increased by thirteen offspring of the second marriage, and Isabella's time was largely spent in helping to run the house. Industriously she cooked, catered and looked after the younger children.

Isabella was a firm favourite with her step-father, who took great interest in her religious and musical education, presenting her with a treasured Bible and encouraging her talent for the piano. Her schooling was carefully supervised, and she went first to a select establishment at Islington and later to Heidelberg.

In 1856, when she was an attractive young woman of twenty, she married Samuel Orchart Beeton, a rising young publisher and editor, five years her senior. Strangely enough Samuel had lived as a boy in the same City street as Isabella, but they probably did not meet until 1852. Before their marriage they corresponded lovingly almost every day for a year.

The married couple went to live at 284, Strand. Isabella soon showed a journalistic flair and worked with her husband in several of his publishing projects, translating articles from the French and writing fashion notes.

In October, 1859, she started writing the articles on household management in *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, published by her husband in 3d. monthly parts, and these articles, which she contributed for two years, were the basis for her famous *Book of Household Management*, which appeared in 1861.

Four years later Isabella died after giving birth to her fourth son, Mayson. Her husband survived her by fourteen years.

Mrs. Beeton flourished from the first and ran into edition after edition, being last re-published in 1944. Isabella had been inspired to write it by the appalling domestic inefficiency which she saw around her. It took her four years, and she afterwards confessed that she would never have attempted it had she foreseen the enormous labour it would entail. She actually tried out every single recipe in her own kitchen!

But the book is far more than a collection of recipes. It is a complete compendium of Victorian domestic economy and etiquette. Having seen in her crowded Epsom childhood the need for organization in the home, Isabella wrote firmly in her introduction: "As with the Commander of an Army or the leader of an enterprise, so it is with the mistress of a house. Her spirit will be seen throughout the whole establishment."

Obviously no mistress in the prim terraces and squares of Bayswater, Brompton and Belgravia could consider herself properly equipped without her *Mrs. Beeton*!

The sixties were palmy years of plenty and cheap prices. English sirloin and forequarter of lamb were 9d. per lb., soles were 1s. to 2s. per lb., chickens 2s. to 3s. 6d. each, oranges from 4d. per dozen, eggs from 1s. per dozen and cream from 1s. per pint. But what modern housewife, after reading Mrs. Beeton's catalogue of the Victorian mistress's daily round, with its

(*Continued on page 58*)

Copper In The Sky

A Film Contract Was Being Angled For, But An Entirely Different Contract Was Landed

By Dudley Leslie

IF anything infuriated Copper it was to hear middle-aged women tearfully regretting their youth. They remembered the bright eyes and the slim hips, but conveniently forgot the spots, the unaccountable blushes, the flurry of never knowing what to do with their hands.

Copper regarded the springtime of life as a grave error, like mumps at Christmas. It might have proved easier, of course, if her mother had been just an ordinary woman whose plain grey hair was her only claim to fame. But instead of a simple mother, redolent of lavender and good housekeeping, she had been born to Ailie Sinclair—glamorous, fêted, petted, and eternally young.

"Miss Alice, you're w-a-n-t-e-d."

The high-pitched voice calling Copper's formal name belonged to Miss Ponsonby, her mother's dresser. As Copper obediently made her way downstairs, she could see her mother talking to two men in the hall. The chinless one with the steel pince-nez was Chris Stevenson, a smooth West End agent who reminded her alarmingly of the late Herr Himmler. The second was a large American in bright loose clothes who was touring England on a much publicised search for a new star. Copper had not yet been allowed to meet the latter. She wondered why she had specially been called down now.

"Ah! Here's my enormous daughter," greeted her mother. "She's just a big, bouncing schoolgirl—and getting taller every day—Alice, this is Mr. Merral Dekovan from Hollywood."

"Pleased to meet you!" The big American vibrated with friendliness.

"How d'you do."

"Go out and join the others—the tennis is about to begin," continued her mother. "Take Miss Ponsonby with you."

"Okay, mummy."

Copper went, secretly boiling inside at the way her mother always overdid her youthfulness. She felt herself longing for the day to end, for tomorrow she would no longer be her mother's bouncing schoolgirl daughter, but a perfectly normal WRNS driver called Copper.

Miss Ponsonby looked curiously at Copper as she walked across the wide lawns at her side.

"You're very silent, Alice," she commented.

"Little girls of sixteen wait until they're spoken to," replied Copper quietly.

"Don't be silly, you're seventeen at least."

"Wrong again," said Copper, "I'm nearly twenty."

"Nonsense, child, you dream things."

"To be exact, I'm nineteen and three-quarters."

"Pure imagination," concluded Miss Ponsonby.

"Hullo, Copper!"

They had reached the tennis courts and her friend Roberta ran up to her. The two girls squeezed each other rapturously. Roberta was the same age as Copper, but there was one outstanding difference. Roberta's father had lapsed gracefully and successfully into stage middle age, so he did not care at all how old his

daughter looked, and his daughter took luscious advantage of it.

"I've got a surprise for you," bubbled Roberta. "Who d'you think I bumped into at the Ambassadors last night?"

"Duke Ellington?"

"No, silly, Terry McHutcheon. He's got back from Norway, apparently. I know how much you like him, so I asked your mother if I could bring him. He's round by the garage changing a bust tyre."

Copper's eyes sparkled. She had met flotillas of young men in the Jekyll part of her life she lived away from her mother, but there had never been anyone quite like Terry. Their first introduction had been violent, and in fact they had nearly killed each other by crashing head-on in one of those twisty little lanes near Stoke Poges. Copper, who was driving her R.N. Utilikon, was quite prepared to admit she was partially on the wrong side of the road. But the young man's bad temper soon made her regret this reasonableness.

"It's a pity you don't spend more time glaring at our enemies like that," said Copper, glancing unpleasantly at his civilian clothes as he endeavoured to struggle out of his wrecked car.

"Merely making eyes at them wouldn't have got us far, you dim-witted female."

"It would have helped a lot more than insulting helpless girls."

"Oh, shut up, you two, I've cut my hand," cried Roberta, who had been in the back. The argument that followed developed in the normal way that happens when an infuriated male finds himself opposed by two pretty girls in sailor hats. He sulkily asked them to tea, and ended by standing them dinner as well. Of the two it was Copper with her sharp face and thick waves of rusty hair that he seemed to prefer, and Roberta, like a loyal friend, dropped into the background. They met many times after that—but always on Copper's duty days when she was a normal human being.

SO Copper was dragged on the courts just as Terry and Roberta were coming off

SHE soon discovered (rather unhappily) that he was an R.A.F. Bomber Command pilot on leave. It gave her too much to worry about, especially as the worrying had to be in secret. But since the re-shuffle that followed VE-Day she had hardly seen him at all.

"Good afternoon, Copper."

Terry had come up behind her. He was a rollicking sort of person who looked more like a sailor than an airman, and one addicted to piracy at that. He looked her up and down with a puzzled expression. "What on earth have you done with yourself? You look like the fifth form at St. Michael's."

Copper blushed.

"Now you've embarrassed the poor girl," laughed Roberta.

Their bitter-sweet reunion was interrupted by the arrival of Archie Sinclair and Chris Stevenson. There were just enough people to make a four without the family, so Copper sat between her mother and Miss Ponsonby while the agent talked shop.

"Dekovan told me confidentially that he's definitely got you in mind for Lorelei in *The Seventh Witch*," Chris was saying.

"I'm determined to get that part, Chris—it's exactly what my career needs at this stage."

"There's one snag." Chris rubbed his receding hair. "Lorelei's supposed to be young—girlish, almost."

"Are you trying to suggest I'm too—er—mature?"

"Not for ordinary parts," Chris answered her quickly, "but I do think Dekovan may be a bit doubtful about Lorelei."

"That's exactly why I introduced him to Alice," said Ailie. "It'll kill any malicious rumours at one deal—I *must* be young with a daughter as immature as her, especially as everyone *knows* I had her when I was barely seventeen."

It used to be twenty, thought Copper. Then it jumped to eighteen, now it's almost sixteen. She'll be getting me born before her if I'm not careful.

"He's promised to make a decision soon," Chris went on, "so I suggest we warm him up by asking him down next Saturday—on the surface it'll be a purely social visit with no business talked, but there's no rule against your dazzling him by your beauty."

"He may not think I've got any," laughed Ailie. "In any

case, wouldn't it be better to give him dinner at Claridge's or the Ritz or somewhere?"

"Certainly not—he must be fed up with hotels. No, you've got a charming home—it costs you enough—why not use it?"

"What shall I do with Alice?"

"Bring her along too. She's your best publicity agent. She doesn't look a day over sixteen."

COPPER began to hate Chris and his intrigues. When her mother had been an unsuccessful actress they had lived in two cheap rooms, but they had been happy. Now, for the sake of appearance, they spread themselves over a vast country mansion, and everyone was miserable. Even her wonderful mother was miserable. Success for Ailie Sinclair was a tiger ride from which she dare not dismount. At the very height of her career, when she should have been most happy, she was continually worrying where her next part was coming from. So was her petulant bank manager. This was no life, thought Copper.

On the courts, Roberta and Terry collided near the net, and the set came to a hilarious end. Copper decided it was high time she snatched Terry from the growing enthusiasm of Roberta. She started towards them, but a hand touched her shoulder. It was her mother's old friend Leo Carrington, who was slight and grey, but somewhat harder than utility nails. He was inclined to be gently witty at other people's expense, which he could well afford, having already amassed a somewhat shady half a million in the city without losing his popularity with the police.

"Come on, young woman." He caught hold of her bare wrist. "Let's beat these amateurs up."

So Copper was dragged on the courts just as Terry and Roberta were coming off. As she returned her first service she had the chagrin of watching them wander off together hand-in-hand. The next service she missed completely.

"Keep your mind on the game," commented Leo.

The afternoon was not a fortunate one for Copper, and she was just beginning to think she had lost Terry, when he asked her out for the evening.

"Roberta's coming," he added as if it were an inducement.

"I don't think three's a very good number," said Roberta, who in the cause of friendship was making valiant efforts not to be too attracted to Terry.

Terry jumped at the idea. "You're right. I'll ring up another character I know."

"You must wear your little blue frock," chimed in her mother.

"Oh, not *that*, mummy!"

"Yes—you look so nice in it."

"But I don't want to look nice."

"What a horrid thing to say—go upstairs at once and change, else you can't go out at all."

So the blue dress it was, and two people's evening was promptly ruined. Not Roberta's and certainly not Terry's. They both enjoyed themselves as if made for each other. And any ideas of friendship and loyalty Roberta might have had flew out of the window, for Roberta, good little soul that she was, was a woman first and a friend second.

Copper felt very like crying when she returned home in the early morning, but she had not got those rust-coloured tints in her hair without a little of it entering her soul. She was beaten, she realized that, and she sensed that she was a girl who would not love easily or often. But losing battle or not, she was prepared to make a fight for it.

But Roberta never gave her the chance.

Copper was just about giving up hope when the night of the big party to ensnare Merrel Dakovan arrived.

FOR days previously the house had been in a state of panic with black marketeers driving up to the door with odds and ends of chickens, and bits of lobsters. Never very far away was Leo Carrington, quietly arriving and leaving some priceless delicacy. On one occasion it was a case of Normandy Camembert, on another it was a few bottles of "champagne nature" from Soissons. A thoroughly unscrupulous character was Leo Carrington. But the silent and unostentatious visits of that king of commerce did more to fill the house with the sort of food that normal people had forgotten than all the frantic phoning and flutterings of Ailie Sinclair and Miss Ponsonby.

During one of his appearances he pulled Copper into a corner and handed her a long white box.

"That's for you, lump," he said ungraciously.

"What is it?"

"Never mind—there's a condition attached, anyway."

Her eyes darkened. "Oh—dirty work, eh?"

"Of course. You mustn't tell your mother."

Copper looked indignant, like a good girl should.

"It's all right," assured Leo. "It's only that she wouldn't let you wear it if she knew."

"Oh," said Copper. "It's a dress. You sweet!"

She kissed him on the cheek.

"It's you that's sweet," said Leo in that offhand manner of his that meant so much. "And mind you wear all the ironmongery that goes with it."

He waved an indolent hand and wandered off. (*Continued on page* 66)

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

HER mother turned to Terry. "It must have been you she staged this for; and personally speaking, if I'd been in her place, I'd have done the same"

Holiday look-out

WHERE can we go this summer? War no longer fetters our feet with its "Stay put" weight. Yet things are not yet back to normal. There are rumours of a few cruises, such as week-end trips to the coast of Belgium, and by the time summer really breaks, things may be far easier.

For the large majority of us it will still be holidays in Great Britain, or Eire. Accommodation on our coast should be easier than last year, as so many hotels have been de-requisitioned, repaired and refurbished.

If you have any nagging urge to cross the Channel or the North Sea, it is a matter between you and the consul of the country you want to visit.

Once you have managed to get a visa, the rest is easy, any good agency will get your tickets, and you are allowed to take £100 out of the country.

Things are much easier for Eire or Northern Ireland or Jersey. If you are really of an adventurous nature, the west coast of Ireland offers you plenty of scope.

For an entirely different type of holiday, it would be an idea to take a vacation course at one of the large Universities. At Cambridge, these courses run for about a fortnight, from the last week in July. Accommodation is arranged at the colleges and a series of lectures are given on widely varying subjects.

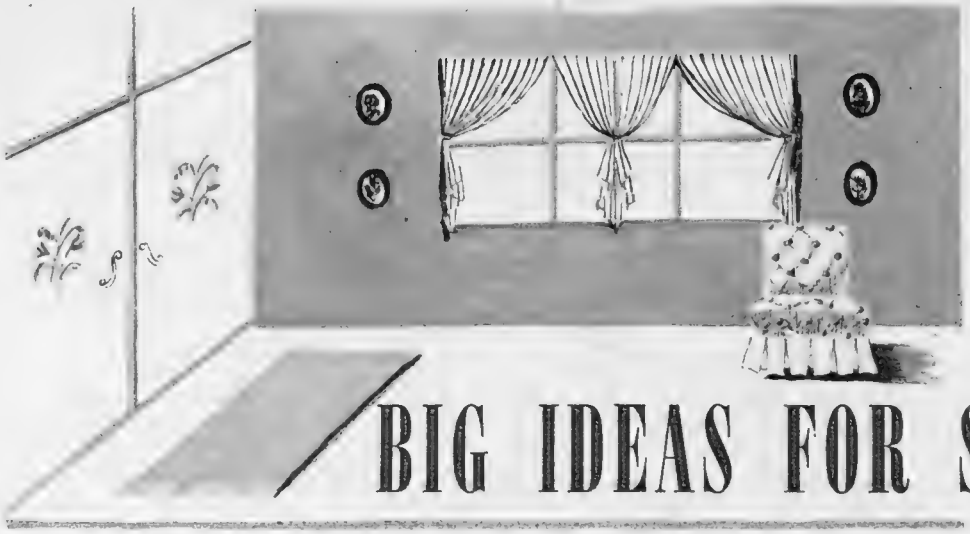
Cycling holidays are stimulating physically, but as nightly accommodation might be difficult, you would be well advised to make your headquarters at one place and see that there are interesting places within your radius for cycling.

Mothers have their individual problems. It would be exciting news if there were nursery holiday camps where children could be left in expert hands, but all the nursery hotels or boarding establishments are packed, with waiting lists longer than our summer will be.

Perhaps a little co-operation between mothers is possible. If you have a friend with a family about your size, why not take turns? You have all the children for a fortnight while she gets away, and then let her take them all while you and your husband have a glorious week or two playing at being youthfully carefree again.

All told, the outlook is bright. The range of holidays possible is varied and all ages and tastes can, with a little initiative and action, get the best holiday they have had for seven long years. This summer you will really know that peace is here.

S. P.



Suggestions For The Newly Housed Who May Want Some

BIG IDEAS FOR SMALL ROOMS

This bedroom is typical of any to be found in the new prefabricated houses. The facing wall has been coloured to contrast with the other three, and a simple flower decoration has been painted on the doors of the built-in cupboards

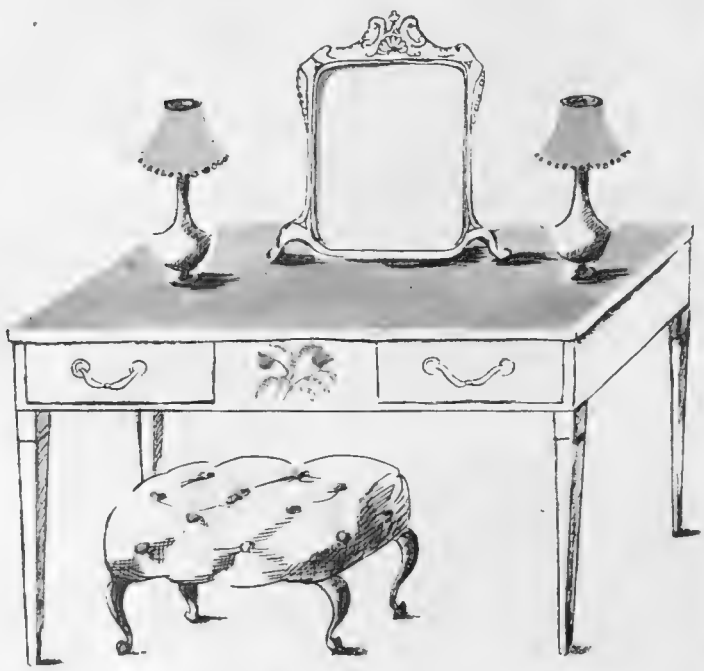
By Winifred Lewis

IF originality happens to be the thing you long for in your home, these are baffling times to start a furnishing campaign. Prefabricated houses and standardised Utility furniture, acceptable as they are, do seem to have lined up against all things individual and gay.

Taking a slightly longer view, Utility furniture promises more variety of design and, in many cases, much-improved workmanship for the future. The new ranges, however, are just going into production, and will not be seen in volume until the end of the summer.

In the meantime, eager homemakers are questing for ideas on how to make standardised rooms and standardised furniture look different. Colour and detail provide the answer every time.

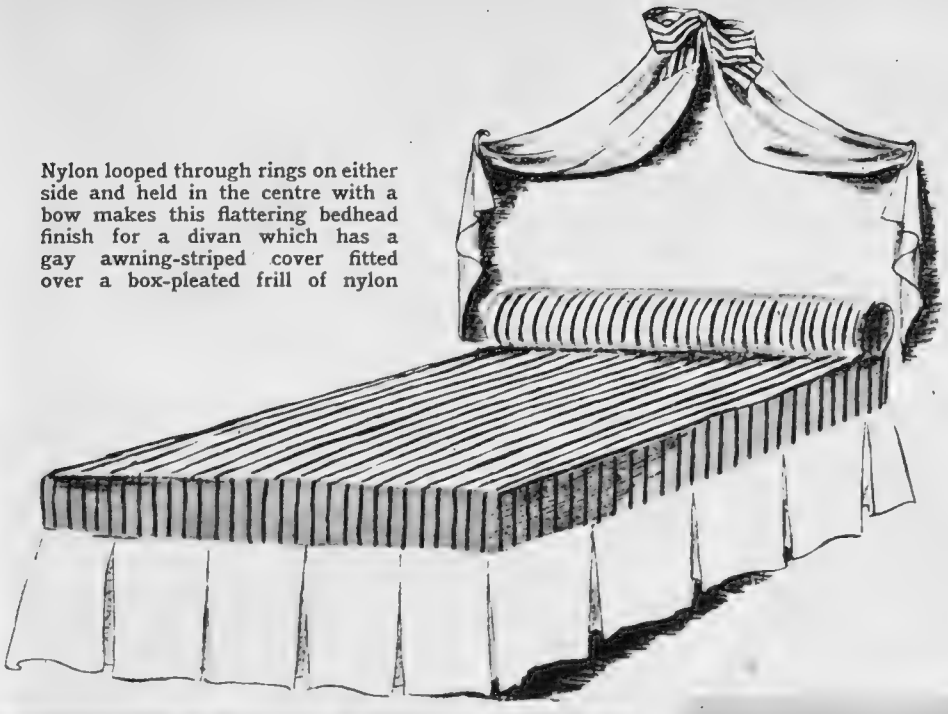
The sketch in the top left-hand corner of this page shows a bedroom typical of any one of the small, new prefabricated houses. Even without furniture, the drawing conveys something of the charm that can be brought to such a room by simply colouring one wall a different shade from the rest and repeating the colour motif on the mouldings of the woodwork. Walls and woodwork could, for instance, be a delicate turquoise, with the window wall coloured a deep coral pink. The built-in cupboards could be outlined at the



Any shapely, if old-fashioned, table could be stripped and repainted to make a quite glamorous dressing-table with the addition of a pretty mirror and a pair of lamps

Black-and-white furniture looks dramatic against off-white, shiny painted walls and an important window treatment. The curtains are off-white, with red braid

(Left.) A simple scheme enriched with clever colouring and an original fire surround. Duck-egg blue walls contrast with mulberry curtains, and cerise accents on upholstery



Nylon looped through rings on either side and held in the centre with a bow makes this flattering bedhead finish for a divan which has a gay awning-striped cover fitted over a box-pleated frill of nylon

"Yes, Madam, We Have It..."

Many women get a shock of surprise when assistants say, as they are beginning to say, "Yes, Madam," instead of "No" to "Have you . . .?" questions.

On the whole, populous areas are a bit behind, owing to greater demand, but the position is looking up everywhere.

Pans and kettles, at controlled prices, are everywhere available.

Linoleum production is increasing well. Genuine linoleum with hessian backing is taking the place of the substitute stuff.

Manufacturers are allowed again to make their own proprietary radio sets, and the making of electrical household appliances is almost unrestricted.

Carpets are coming up steadily in spite of the shortage of jute, at 20 per cent. of the pre-war output.

Stockings? Yes, nylons soon, but only enough to whet your appetite.

edges with the same pink. If you go for off-white or deep cream walls throughout the house you can afford to display colours very boldly against this background, but when the rooms are small, use your brightest colours in sharp accents rather than in wide sweeps.

For instance, if your upholstery is dark blue, give it an accent of shrill pink by using one cushion of this colour and another of rich purple.

Bright yellow is exciting in combination with a cream background, but throw in a staccato note of colour here and there—say, peacock blue and a sharp green.

If you are a little doubtful of your ability to achieve original colour schemes without getting something queer and difficult to live with, buy yourself a paint-box and experiment with colour combinations.

Old-fashioned furniture stripped and repainted is well worth considering, even if you only introduce a piece here and there to give a lift to the Utility pieces.

The work of stripping and repainting is within the scope of any patient amateur, and the result can be most rewarding, as our sketches of the painted dressing-table and the Victorian bow-fronted cupboard show.

Sitting-room in a prefabricated Swedish house. Honey-yellow walls with tan-and-green striped folk-weave curtains and a bright wool rug showing the same colours

Another good example of reconditioning with paint. A Victorian cupboard with a flower motif either hand-painted or cut out from wallpaper and stuck on

(Right.) White walls and white decorative china ware combine well with unstained oak. The chair seats and curtains are lacquer red and white

Abreast Of The Times

Far too many women wait until their breasts sag, and muscles are atrophied, before worrying about a bras. Too many write in for instructions on improving lost contours after weaning their second baby. To encourage and retain a firm shapeliness, care must be taken from adolescence. Unnaturally small or large breasts may need specialist's treatment to help adjust the balance of the endocrine secretions, but in most cases a simple routine of exercise, support and sponging is quite sufficient.

General Care. Every woman, whether fat or slim, must look to her deportment. Breasts must be supported from within by holding that birdcage of ribs called your chest up from your waistline. Keep your spine poker-straight, your shoulders down, head back and chin in. A really hunched posture can cause breasts to sag badly. Cold sponging is a toning and an essential daily routine, for all warmer weather at any rate, after the age of thirty.

Exercises can strengthen supporting muscles. Here is one of the best:

Stand with your arms extended in front of you. Bend your elbows, taking the inside of the left elbow in the right hand and the outside of the right elbow in the left hand. Keeping the shoulders still, and elbows up, push the left elbow out as far as possible. Only slight movement is possible, but you should be able to feel the muscles of the breast working. Repeat, alternating elbows. Breathe in as you press your elbows out.

Teens. Deportment is your first care. Your second is support. Choose a bras which is supporting, not binding, and wear it for all energetic sports, unless you are very slim. Do not try to hide your shape in adolescent self-consciousness. A fat young bust well held up, instead of being bound down, can be perfect when all baby fat has disappeared.

Mother-To-Be. From the beginning, your daily routine should be exercises, cold sponging, and massaging with lanoline or a nourishing oil. Get a specially strong maternity bras to wear as your breasts enlarge. You may not need it before the confinement, but wear it immediately afterwards. Hold the breast firmly while your baby is feeding. Keep up the routine of exercise and sponging until, after slow weaning, you feel it unnecessary. Lessen your liquid intake while weaning.

Sagged Breasts. You may have been careless, or in bad health. If you are not too pendulous, exercise, cold sponging, clever bras and attention to your general health will greatly improve your contours.

If you can afford a few guineas, there is a really clever tailoress of brassières-for-problem-breasts, in London.

Fat, Sagged Breasts. Yours is the worst problem. You ruin your deportment in an endeavour to shrink your size. If you slim by dieting, you sag more. A specialist may be able to help you with glandular treatment. You must have a perfectly-tailored bras. Your sponging should be alternating hot and cold, ending with cold; and always have a cold sponge after a hot bath. Exercise to keep the muscles strong.

The new fashions are becoming to you, so in this respect you are fortunate. In extreme cases, you can have a plastic operation by an expert.

IN A TRANCE

"BREATHE in deeply, breathe deeply, breathe . . ." and then suddenly, as if your mind were clicking out of joint, you find yourself chasing the moon around the earth in a series of somersaults, shooting to meet a balloon of light which bursts in your face. You may kiss the doctor, curse the nurse, or babble about some dyed-in-the-subconscious secret. One's personal reactions to anæsthesia are always dramatic conversation-pieces.

The anæsthetic drug to which we are all most accustomed is the local anæsthetic, which leaves the mind perfectly clear and merely deadens all feeling in the part of the body under operation.

You meet it most frequently, in this country, in the dentist's chair. It is used then because a very minor operation is in progress.

But there are occasions, even here, when a local anæsthetic is used, for the extremely contrary reason that the operation is going to be a fiddling one, which will necessitate the patient being "under" for about three hours, or, at any rate, too long a period to drug the body with a "general." Some of the more difficult plastic operations come under this range. The easier plastics are always done with a "local."

In this type of local anæsthesia, drugs are given the night before, and again perhaps an hour before the operation, to keep the patient in a type of twilight sleep, so that the mental anxiety about the faithful effects of the "local" are allayed.

Cocaine was the original local anæsthetic, but now a mixture of novocain and adrenalin is usually given, hypodermically.

Twilight sleep once had a great vogue as a childbirth assistance; it can hardly be called anæsthetic, because, through a series of hypodermic injections of scopolamine and morphia, the body is made tolerant of pain.

As the baby must not be affected by too much morphia, this is only given with the first injection of scopolamine, and the latter is repeated alone. Twilight sleep is still popular in straightforward cases, with possibly a little general anæsthetic when the baby is actually born. A number of newer hypnotics, like Nembutal, are gaining favour.

Spinal anæsthesia is remarkably interesting. Injections are made into the spine so that they affect the nerves which run from the spine into the area which is to be treated. Analgesia occurs in about ten minutes and lasts up to an hour and a half.

General anæsthetics are still the most common for all major and abdominal operations in this country. Chloroform and ether (both obtained from ethyl alcohol and methylated spirit) are the chief general inhalant anæsthetics, with ether leading in popularity because it is considered the safer.

Both these inhalants are being superseded by more modern preparations, but research is still needed to prove their efficiency and their safety. Yet another route for giving anæsthetics is by an enema: this has advantages with children.

"She's nearly under. . . ." That is what you will hear as you sink under the waves of unconsciousness in general anæsthesia. Don't panic or try to flog action out of your numbed body, lest the operation start before you have lost consciousness. The sense of hearing is the last sense of all to be lost, and before you get out any protest, you will have succumbed completely.

Make-Up Release

For once, women are going to derive direct benefit from Britain's export drive. Cosmetic manufacturers are going to be allowed an export bonus; that is to say, the more they export, the more they are allowed to sell in the home market.

We have worked out a make-up chart of preparations which have been in very short supply for a long while, but which, so the makers assure us, should be in plentiful supply now, thanks to their great and successful export drive.

If you are tired of the same old face—and who isn't?—give it a new excitement with a new make-up.

The foundation is the increasingly popular cake type which, if properly applied, gives a smooth, faultless appearance to your skin. Damp cotton wool, or a tiny piece of sponge, is used to apply it. Wet the sponge or cotton wool lightly. Rub it over the cake and then press it evenly over your face. If you want a slightly thicker make-up, put a few drops of water on the cake, blend it with your fingers, and apply very quickly to your face.

HEALTH & BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or details of anything mentioned in these pages, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

FEATURED PARTS

Are as important in the staging of a decorative scheme as in the presentation of a film

MOST people prefer to keep to the more or less conventional paths of decoration—that is, to avoid the eccentric or any form of self-consciousness which may threaten the " homeyness " of the décor. This need not in any sense prohibit the introduction of planned features, which give charming individuality to simple schemes of decoration.

Achieving such effects is a matter of stage management as much as anything, of throwing the limelight where it will have the best effect, and of cunningly withdrawing attention from the features which one prefers to keep, as it were, in the wings. If a room has any particular architectural feature of interest--

1. A charming arrangement of pictures gives importance to a simple tiled fireplace surround.

2. Departing from the conventional method of centralising the table, this delightful grouping suggests itself for any long table, even without the recess.

3. A graceful contour at the top of the arch makes a fireplace recess into a decorative feature.

4. Pictures and shelves relieving the austerity of the wall behind make a feature point of this low-slung divan bed.

5. This corner, grouped against a pleasant window and a bright, gaily-coloured hand-made rug, provides the interest here.

6. A painted dressing-table is the compelling feature of this bedroom. At night, concealed lighting under the pelmet floods the dressing-table with light.

7. Perfect grouping of furniture and pictures about an exquisite mirror.

8. Featuring bookshelves and a background of mirror-glass in the recess

a charming window, a gracefully-arched recess, a sloping ceiling, this is the place to focus interest by bringing colour, furniture and decorative detail into perfectly-balanced harmony. Let this be the point which attracts the eye, and build everything up to this point.

One charming piece of furniture can be featured in this way. Set a charming antique bureau into a recess which has been delicately coloured to contrast with the walls. Give it a special lighting effect to bring it into prominence at night, and, though the other furnishings may be without special interest, the room will have character.

Study the pictures on these pages. Notice how effectively, and how subtly, grouping, arrangement, lighting and the disposal of contributory detail have been used to give prominence to one particular feature of each room.

Simplicity in furnishing is no bar to originality of detail, and a thoughtful study of display is a sure way to banish monotony and to promote charm.

Garden Grooming

Keep the hedges closely clipped, even if you have to neglect something else to do it.

Steer clear of litter. This includes the rake which somebody left lying on the lawn; the piled-up wheelbarrow which you have just not bothered to put into the shed; the broken-down deck-chair.

Mend the gate which has been hanging forlornly off its hinges for so long; cart away that pile of leaves and decaying foliage; clean up that broken crock which used to look so nice with the geraniums in it, and is now just another eyesore.

If you do throw food to the birds, be sure that either you, or they, clear up the pieces which make such an untidy litter on the path.

QUIET, PLEASE...

THE healing and tranquillising effects of quiet are many, varying to some extent, of course, upon the kind of life we lead, the degree and quality of the relaxation we enjoy.

Don't confuse quiet with monotony. They are not the same thing. This is easily proved by comparing the type of person whose voice, movements and general deportment are composed and muted, with the other kind which, in every comparable aspect, is loud, shrill and uncontrolled. . . .

The same applies in the home where you have alternatively the sort of atmosphere which is tense with the explosion of banging doors, the accent of raised voices, the rattle of clumsy movement and the perpetual accompaniment of a blaring radio, as against the seductive restfulness of a studied calm.

"Crashing the sweeper into the furniture"

Obviously, quietness is something to cultivate, both as an antidote to the stress of living in a noisy world and as an important stimulus to personal charm.

This is not to say one need go through life on metaphorical tiptoes, but there are a lot of practical ways of inducing that sublime composure which hangs like a protective curtain.

A loud voice, for instance, is just a matter of habit or a lack of early training. The quiet one is just as audible, far more impressive and incalculably more endearing. Anybody can acquire a soft voice. It is only a matter of exercising control until the habit sticks.

The same goes for noisy movement. The person who pounds about the house like an elephant, banging doors and crashing the sweeper into the furniture, isn't necessarily made that way. It is all a question of control. Elementary self-discipline, if you like.

"The accent of raised voices"

Mothers can work wonders in fostering quiet in the home by insisting upon voice and movement control among the members of her household, especially among children, because it is in youth that the habit is most easily cultivated.

Children can be taught to amuse themselves at play without shouting and creating a miniature Bedlam, wherever they happen to be.

Radio noise is a sort of disease that afflicts the modern home. People who turn the radio on so that it can be heard in the street or in the flat below are a law unto themselves, and must enjoy a form of nervous immunity not always vouchsafed to their afflicted neighbours.

All the little fidgeting noises which crop up in a house,

"Other people's radio noises"

none perhaps important singly, mount up in concert to a general lack of quiet, the windows that rattle, the floorboards that creak, the outside cellar door that flaps.

A screw here, a nail there, a few minutes of attention is often quite enough to wipe out these trifling contributions to confusion.

A drop or two of oil on the front-door lock will put an and to that nerve-shattering bang which follows the exit of every member of the household. Well-oiled locks click into place with hardly a sound. The squeaking floor-sweeper or any other piece of complaining mechanism will relapse into silence after dosing with the oil-can.

These seem small matters, but you only realise how intrusive such noises have been when they are gone.

L.W.

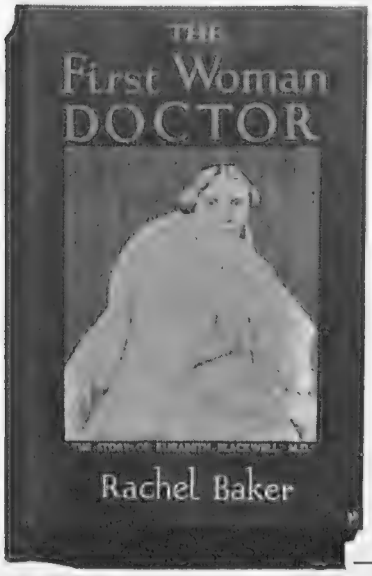
Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

I ALWAYS thought they were queer fellows in ships' orchestras. Mr. Joseph Wechsberg, who first fiddled in transatlantic liners, then in "The New Yorker" tells us of a cellist who had two instruments: one for playing, the other, with a detachable back, for storing laundry, "certain" photographs, and liquor bottles; and constantly wore a Basque beret, even in bed. A pianist colleague was always falling asleep. He even slept by the piano, and one night, when someone had stolen his tuxedo, had to play in his pyjamas. Whenever he was wanted he had to be searched for in lifeboats, the hospital, tourist saloon, wireless or engine room on coils of rope, behind stacks of food-boxes in the kitchen. Eventually they found him in the cabin of a Boston widow, and instead of doing the return trip from New York he settled in Boston. Mr. Wechsberg's world-wide odyssey, "Looking for a Bluebird" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), is full of fun, romance, and adventure. There are also witty line drawings and a delicious jacket by Strobel. Definitely for the cosmopolitan connoisseur.

I'M wondering what they would have made of a subject like Dr. Edward Langton's "Satan, A Portrait" (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.), a prodigiously serious survey of Satan through the ages and his influence on human affairs, with data about evil spirits, demonology and witchcraft and terribly sinister illustrations, mostly from old prints. He certainly seems to have done a full-time job from the days of the Old Testament onwards through rabbinical, apocryphal, and apocalyptic literature and the monastic Middle Ages, right up to Hitler. I'm not sure that the old fellow will like all this publicity, but after a chapter on "The Fading-Out of the Conception of Satan," Dr. Langton appeases him by calling the last, "The Return of Satan" (and how). Reading this learned book, I kept looking over my shoulder. You never know. . . .

MR. GEORGE SAVA had an original idea for "Link of Two Hearts" (Faber, 8s. 6d.). In the autumn of 1940 daughter Alexandra was to be born in Montreal, then proceed to Australia with her mother. He would accordingly write her long letters from the Home Front which she could read in after years, the mother replying on her behalf. Since, at one week old, we find the infant writing (through mother, of course): "I think Hitler should be put in a cot and be surrounded by doctors and nurses and his room kept at an even temperature. He wouldn't be able to do any harm except suck the bedclothes like me," the technique is not without its pitfalls, and may even seem a little coy. But with a diary to June 1942, written after mother and child had been saved from a torpedoing on the voyage back to England, we have an interesting close-up of the ordeal years at home and the Australian scene down under. The book was a labour of love on both sides, which gives it quality.

These are good times for novels of escape. In Mr. Richard Lea's "A Bid for Freedom" (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.) an assistant-lecturer at the London School of Economics, turned down by the girl he loves, resolves to pack up and sail off to the South Seas and New Zealand. At the last moment, the girl decides that she is feeling that way, too, after all, and they have a wonderful time in Tahiti. So will the reader, for the colourful background is laid on impasto. (*Continued on page 64*)



What! Women Doctors?

WHEN, nearly a century ago, Elizabeth Blackwell, daughter of a Bristol sugar refiner, resolved to study medicine—because "I must have something to engross my thoughts"—she was earnestly advised to give up "unnatural ambitions" and concentrate on pursuits "more in keeping with the true aptitudes of your sex." But she managed to sneak into the Geneva Medical School, U.S.A., spend two years at La Maternité Hospital, Paris, and at Bart's, London, and in 1859 was the first woman to be placed on the British Medical Register.

Yet, a thrustful pioneer herself, she had no use—we learn in Miss Rachel Baker's **"The First Woman Doctor"** (Harrap, 8s. 6d.)—for "women's rights" agitators of the flamboyant type who fancied themselves as nursing sisters. "When a young woman in a bold bloomer costume of short skirt and trousers applied, Elizabeth took one look at her short, clipped hair, at her cherry-red pantaloons and exotic jacket, and rejected her." That is one of the lighter touches in a biography of interest to career-women eager to salute the memory of one who blazed the trail.

The Importance Of The Trivial

By Wilma Buckley

WORLD-SHAKING events notwithstanding, we still have to continue leading our own lives (wretched little cogs in the cosmic wheel though they be) in whatever orbit we may find ourselves. The show must go on.

It is humanly impossible to remain continually on a lofty plane of abstract thought, concerned only with great problems of universal importance, aware that mankind's doings are of little account in the general scheme of things. Sooner or later, the immediate urgency of these minor details, of which our daily routine is made up, will bring us down to earth.

However sincere our sympathy for the fuel-less thousands in war-ravaged countries may be, for instance, the fact that the bath water this morning was not up to caloric standards, will temporarily affect our outlook more forcibly than any wider issue. Our hearts may ache for the women and children who go hungry on the Continent, but the fact that there is no bacon for breakfast to-day because our week's rations have been used up, will at once reduce the radius of our sympathies to a self-circumscribed limit.

Little things make or mar our daily existence materially and sensually; in close personal relationships, it is the little things that eventually count for more than anything else. The proper study of mankind being man, it is interesting to observe these trifling personal habits and idiosyncrasies—the ebb and flow of a man-and-woman relationship—which ultimately lead to disharmonies besides which the problems confronted by UNO pale into insignificance. It is of no avail to invoke a sense of proportion, since our proportions are, in themselves, of unheroic stature (except during sporadic "shining hours"). Descending, then, from the sublime to the ridiculous, we note that the average man dislikes, at heart, the woman who continually makes malicious and disparaging observations about other women. He may laugh at the time, but he will, nevertheless, feel slightly uncomfortable, and his sense of tolerance will eventually rebel. In time, this habit will actively annoy him. He will attribute the witty waspishness, rightly or wrongly, to jealousy, and make his protest—projecting the first of many tea-cup storms—or shut up like a clam, withdrawing himself completely. Thus will any comfortable, companionable discussion be brought to an end.

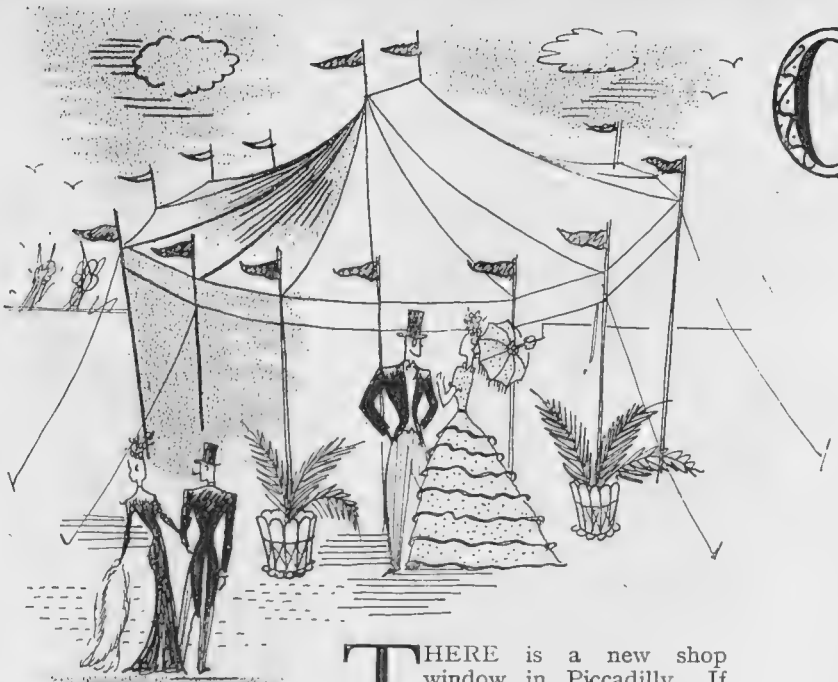
He will attribute the witty waspishness, rightly or wrongly, to jealousy, and make his protest—projecting the first of many tea-cup storms

The average man also dislikes wifely denigration of his pre-marriage friends: Old So-and-so may be the bore to end all bores, but a host of past associations and trifling but treasured memories bind one to him. Conservative in his friendships, a man is not going to discard them or change his views on the subject because of criticism from his life-partner. Opposition and hostility towards his cronies may make him miserable, but Old So-and-so will not lose by it. It is the wife who will, in some (*Continued on page* 66)

Women dislike being ignored. The escort who lets his attention wander in too marked a fashion, whose eye roves too obviously in another quarter

Where the economic situation or cramped housing conditions make privacy difficult, the wise wife will incarcerate herself in the bathroom to gild the lily

ON DUTY AND OFF



The girls who take cables over the telephone are not only efficient, they also have a sense of humour.

I was sending a cable to New York and reading it at dictation speed: "Hold all nylons, size 9, and steaks any size."

"And what?" asked the girl.

"Steaks," I repeated.

"I don't get that word. Can you spell it?"

"Steaks," I told her, and added: "you remember those things you used to eat before the war."

"Oh, those," she said with a merry laugh. "Yes, now I know what you mean," and I continued: "Will be with you in New York in two weeks."

The cable girl would have been amused if she had seen the answer which came back promptly, and read: "Nylons scarce; steaks plentiful, will arrange red carpet and modest band."

Rumour has it that nylons are so scarce that women queue for them in New York; but, if my plans go through, I will soon be able to give you first-hand information on this subject.

Jane Gordon

THERE is a new shop window in Piccadilly. If you pass that way you will see little groups of women staring spellbound; and no wonder, for the window is full of cosmetics, creams, powders, lipsticks, elegant bottles of eau-de-Cologne, and glass jars full of superfine bath salts.

The name up on the window is "Grossmith," and the firm have actually been extant for more than one hundred years. They were blitzed out during the bad days, and now they have found a new home in Piccadilly.

As the original Grossmith was a perfumer, it is not surprising that the eau-de-Cologne, lavender water, and concentrated perfume should be of the best quality. The eau-de-Cologne which is called "Golden Still," and the lavender water labelled "Old Cottage" are both 4s. 2d. a bottle. The perfume is 6s. 3d. for a tiny bottle and is highly concentrated, and it has an oil base, so that it must be used directly on the skin and not on the clothes.

There is a large range of face powders in various perfumes, including "Gardenia," "Freesia," "Old Cottage Lavender," price 3s. 9d. a box; shades, "Natural," "Rachel," "Dark Rachel," "Spring Tan," and "Summer Tan."

The lipsticks which have white and gold cardboard containers, price 6s. 3d., are in five shades: "Rosebud," which is a natural lipstick for women who like a very light make-up; "Flame," "Glow-Red" which is a real scarlet, "Medium," a deep "Damask Rose" shade, and "Cyclamen" with a purple undertone.

There is a tinted foundation cream in a very elegant-looking jar, price 4s. 2d. Women with super-sensitive complexions will like this cream enormously. The bath salts include, "Lily of the Valley," "Verbena," "Freesia," "Gardenia," and "Lavender," price 7s. 11d. The talcum powder is 3s. 9d., and is the first of its sort that I have seen in a real pre-war bottle. There is also tinted talcum powder called "Invisible," made for men to use after shaving.

AS Field Marshal Viscount Alexander rightly said: "we must now guard against invisible enemies, which include pessimism and fatigue."

There are three things which are very necessary to women if they are going to defeat these particular enemies, and they are: first, a reasonable supply of good shoes; second, nylons, and fully-fashioned nylons at that; and third, good perfumes which make a women feel well groomed, even if her dress is seven years old.

Goya, who is now back from the war, has introduced a new perfume called "Studio," which can be guaranteed to glamorize even a pre-war dinner frock. This is a really sophisticated perfume that brings to mind sable and mink, and the outsize jewels which are now being worn in New York.

You can only buy tiny bottles, price 2s. 6d., but almost all the good chemists, perfumery departments, and large stores now have some for sale.

For young girls and country women who prefer a flower perfume, there is a Goya "Jasmine" which is also easier to come by.

The Board of Trade have promised that more perfumes will be allowed for sale in the home market in proportion to exports, and this is encouraging for Goya whose exports are enormous.

A brand new toilet water is also being introduced by Goya. It is called "Aqua Mauda," and has a flavour of orange blossom. The price will be 5s. for a 3 oz. bottle, and this will include the purchase tax.

Probably the nicest present that any woman has ever given, is being given by Elizabeth Arden to British Service women overseas.

She is sending 60,000 lipsticks from her New York salon as a personal gift. The lipsticks will include all the latest New York shades, some of which we have not even seen over here, and they will be worn by the Service women in Vienna, India, Cairo, and those who are still serving in the B.A.O.R. The lipsticks will be distributed only through NAAFI.

Now that the excitement of war is over, Service women overseas are sure to appreciate this extra touch of glamour more than ever before. And there is some good news too, for women at home.

Elizabeth Arden's skin tonic is now on sale again. This is one of the few skin tonics which really suits the English complexion. It is so mild, and yet so refreshing.

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

SHOWING what can be done with two blouses, two skirts, a few voguish etceteras and a carefully related plan.

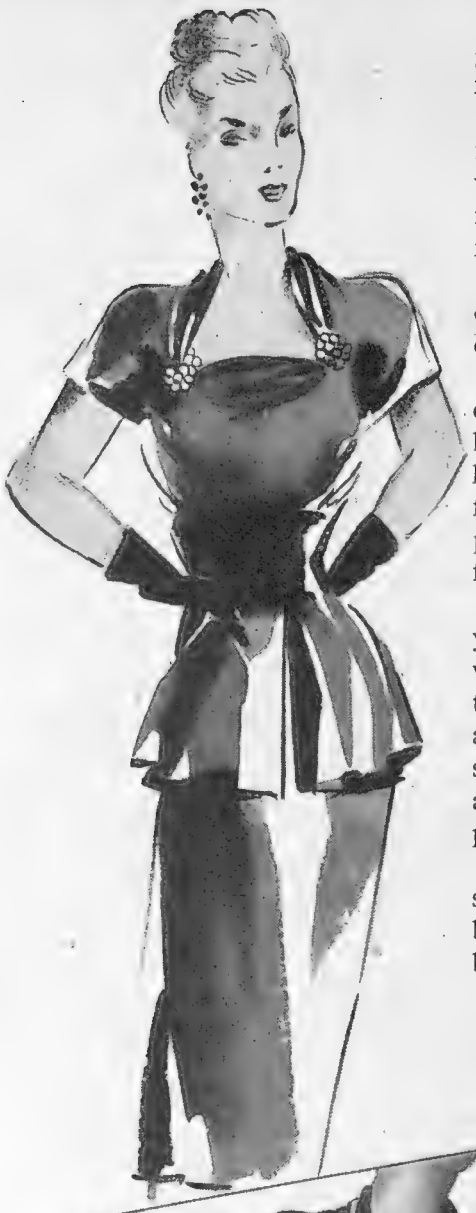
Blouse one is a simple, cap-sleeved, cowl-necked affair. The front is cross-cut and very wide at the neck, which then obligingly falls into many different draped, folded, lines, to take jewels, roses, bows, what you will.

Blouse two, also simply cut, with a low, almost off-shoulder neckline and baby sleeves, needs a dicky (five) for day wear.

These two dark tops team comfortably with a dressy street suit or would be an eyeful, worn with light, brilliantly flower-printed dirndl skirts, either long or short. (An artist friend, who could not find the print she had dreamed of, ran up a plain, pastel skirt and painted it with her own splashy flower designs.)

At left, the cowl blouse squares its neckline, yielding pretty side folds, held by clips, and is worn with a short, straight skirt (also quite a dovetailer, with other blouses and jumpers, on its own account). Finally, a pleated peplum attached to a shaped midriff (three) is hooked on, and we have a six o'clock-and-on dress, full of high fashion points.

At right, the low-cut blouse, worn with a long skirt, turns it into the evening dress of the minute by the addition of the draped, apron-fronted bustle (four).



RUCHED JUMPER

MATERIALS

3 oz. of 2-ply wool in Paton's Beehive Fingering ; 3 oz. of 2-ply wool in contrast colour ; 1 pair each of No. 12, No. 10 and No. 7 needles ; 3 buttons ; No. 1 steel crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17½ ins.

TENSION

For No. 7 needles, 11 sts. to 2 ins.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. K. into the back of the 1st row. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Inc. 1 st. in every st. of the last row only (200 sts.). Change to contrast wool and No. 7 needles for the ruching (1st row).

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—P. to end. (Rep. rows 1 and 2 five times more.) (12 rows.)

13th row.—Change to No. 12 needles and original colour to make the first ribbed stripe. (The ribbed stripes are all in the original colour. The ruchings in the contrast colour.) K. 2 tog. to the end of row (100 sts. again).

14th to 19th rows.—Rib in k. 1, p. 1.

20th row.—P. twice into every st. These 20 rows form ruching and stripes. Work, changing wools and needles, until 8th row of 2nd ruching is complete.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 10 sts. very tightly at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Work 3 more ruchings and stripes, ending on the 1st row of the ribbed stripe. Work 36, cast off 18, work 36. Continue on the last 36 sts. (place the remaining (*Continued on page* 58)

SHORT-SLEEVED JACKET

MATERIALS

6 oz. of 3-ply Lister's Lavenda wool ; ¼ oz. of 3-ply wool in contrast ; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; 8 buttons ; 1 No. 1 steel crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS

To fit a 34-in. bust measurement. From top of shoulder to lower edge, 18 ins. ; across back underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve, 6 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts. K. into the back of the 1st row. Continue in patt. as follows :—

1st row.—P. 2*, k. 4, p. 4 ; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., k. 4, p. 2.

2nd and 4th rows.—K. 2 *, p. 4, k. 4 ; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., p. 4, k. 2.

3rd row.—P. 2 *, k. into the next st. on the left-hand needle, then k. the 1st st., slip both sts. off needle together (this forms twist st.). Work 1 more twist st., p. 4 ; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., k. 4, p. 2.

Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. (make 1 st., 97 sts.).

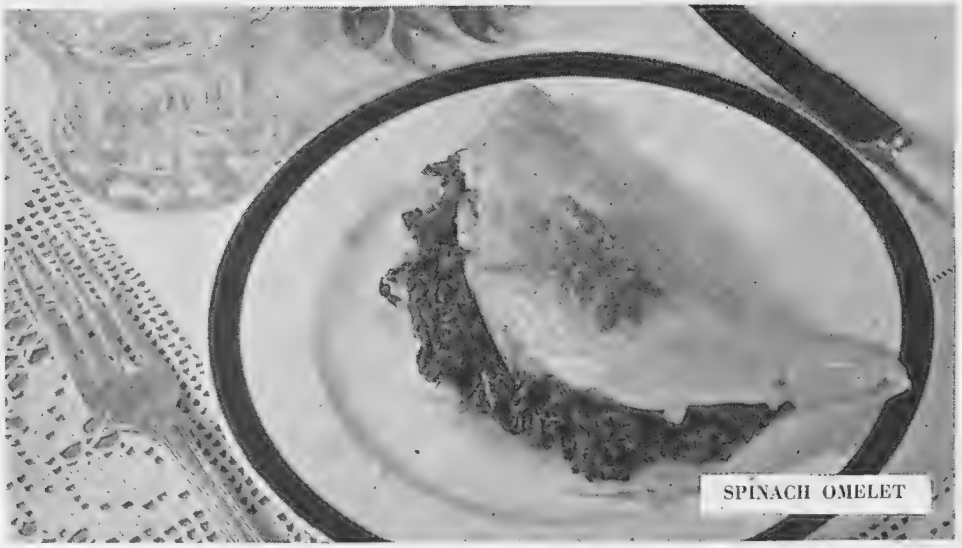
1st row.—P. 1 *, k. 3, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 1 *, k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—K. 2 *, p. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * to last 3 sts., p. 1, k. 2.

4th row.—As 2nd row. These 4 rows form main patt.

Work 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following, until 121 sts. Work without further shaping until 11 ins. from cast-on-edge. (*Cont. on page* 58)



SPINACH OMELET

EARLY SPRING VEGETABLES

CARROTS

Young carrots, after having been scraped, are perhaps best cooked in either of the following ways :

1. Put 1 lb. of carrots in a saucepan with 2 dessertspoonfuls of margarine, 2 cupfuls of water, 1 teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Simmer with a lid on, adding water if necessary, until tender.

2. Cook the carrots as above but with half their quantity of spring onions. Just before serving, add 1 tablespoonful of flour and enough vegetable stock to make a thick sauce.

3. When cooked, again in the same manner, fry the carrots quickly and serve with grated cheese.

SPINACH

When washing spinach always remove the leaves from the water before pouring the latter away as the earth and dirt will have sunk to the bottom of the basin. Wash, too, in several waters, and when boiling allow only just enough salted water to cover the vegetable. When ready strain well and drain off the surplus water by placing the spinach in a clean frying pan and holding the pan for a few minutes over a high flame.

It may be served :

1. With a lump of margarine on top.
2. Sieved and mashed with sauce made with margarine, flour, and some liquid in which the vegetable has been cooked.
3. Mixed with a white sauce and grated cheese and browned in the oven.
4. As a pudding, when you mix 1 lb. of cooked spinach with 1 crushed clove of garlic, 1 chopped onion, salt and pepper, 2 reconstituted eggs and 5 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Steam for 1 hour; turn out and serve with a parsley sauce.
5. Boiled and chopped and mixed with a white sauce as a filling for pancakes, omelets or turnovers.

ASPARAGUS

Asparagus is usually served plain boiled in salted water, arranged on a dish, and liberally sprinkled with melted margarine mixed with breadcrumbs, or with a sauce served separately. Here is a sauce I suggest :

Bring to the boil 1 tablespoonful of vinegar with one of water, a pinch of pepper and another of salt and 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs. Let boil for 10 minutes, strain, and when cool add 2 reconstituted eggs. Place over a very low fire and beat in gradually 2 oz. of margarine, taking care the mixture doesn't boil or burn at the bottom of the pan. When thick and foamy serve at once.

SCRAP PUDDING

Buffet Supper

SARDINE PASTRY

Make some pastry with 4 oz. of flour, 2 oz. of lard and a little water. Roll it out twice, the last time to about 8 in. wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick. Spread on half the pastry the contents of 1 tin of sardines passed through a sieve and creamed with 1 dessertspoonful of anchovy paste. Fold the other half over, prick with a fork and bake in a medium oven until golden brown. Can be eaten either cold or hot.

PINK MOUSSE

Pass your ration of corned beef through the mincer and bring it to the boil, stirring continuously, with enough white sauce to have a smooth paste.

SWEETS WITHOUT EGGS

ECONOMY PANCAKES

Mix 1 lb. of flour with 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and 4 oz. of sugar. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of milk, and when free of lumps, pour half cupfuls of the liquid into a frying-pan, containing a little melted lard or margarine. Fry on both sides as for ordinary pancakes.

OLD-FASHIONED STEAMED PUDDING

Mash enough boiled carrots and enough boiled potatoes to have 4 oz. of each. Mix them with 8 oz. of flour, 4 oz. of sugar, 4 oz. of sultanas and 2 oz. of raisins. Melt 4 oz. of suet or lard with 1 heaped tablespoonful of golden syrup and add to the mixture. Blend well and fill a greased pudding basin with it. Tie a clean cloth round the basin and steam for 3 to 4 hours.

SCRAP PUDDING

Soak in milk, or milk and water, 1 lb. of crustless, stale bread, and then mash it with a fork and mix well with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, flavouring to taste or 2 oz. of cocoa and 3 oz. of melted fat (margarine is the best). Steam for 2 hours.

FRUIT CAKE

Sieve 1 lb. of flour and rub in it 4 oz. of margarine. Add 8 oz. of sugar and 8 oz. of sultanas, a few drops of orange essence and mix well with 1 large cupful of milk. Dissolve 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in 1 gill of tepid milk and beat into the dough. Fill a greased cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

CRESS AND SHRIMP SAVOURY

Sardine Pastry
Cress and Shrimp Savoury
Pink Mousse
Meat Roll
Spring Salad
Madeleines
Coffee Cream Pots
Chocolate Fingers

Beat it with a fork until well blended; let cool. If too stiff add a little milk. The whisked white of an egg, if available, is a great improvement. Serve cold, turned out on a bed of lettuce leaves.

MEAT ROLL

Pass through the mincer 1 lb. of beef (uncooked) and mix with ½ lb. of sausage meat, 1 oz. of lard or dripping, 2 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs and 2 reconstituted eggs, well beaten, salt and pepper. Form into a roll, dust with flour and place in a roasting tin with 1 oz. of lard and ½ cupful of meat stock. Leave in a hot oven, basting frequently, for 40 to 45 minutes. Remove, strain off all the liquid and serve cold after cutting the roll into slices. Surround with the following salad :

SPRING SALAD

SPRING SALAD

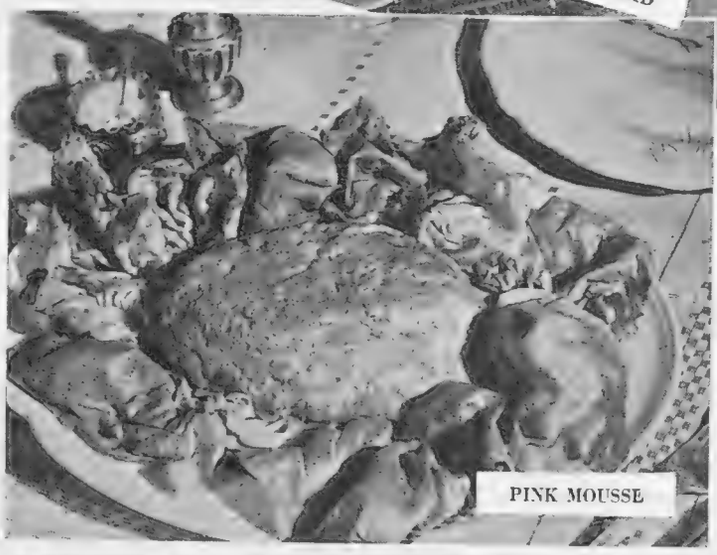
Mix equal quantities of peas, cauliflower flowerets, spring onions, carrots cut into squares and slices of potatoes—all cooked. Add any liked seasoning, but mayonnaise is the best.

MADELEINES

Reconstitute 2 eggs with milk instead of water and whisk well with 4 oz. of sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. Add 4 oz. of sieved flour, and, finally, 4 oz. of melted margarine. Half fill small individual greased cake tins and bake for 25 to 30 minutes in a medium oven. Turn out while still hot and cool in a cake basket.

COFFEE CREAM POTS

Reconstitute 4 eggs with milk, and beat well; pour slowly over them 1 pint of strong coffee sweetened to taste and almost boiling. Mix well and strain through a sieve into a jug. Fill small individual moulds, stand them in a roasting tin filled with boiling water, cover the moulds with a lid and leave in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes. The cream must not boil and is ready when of the consistency of custard. Serve cold.



PINK MOUSSE

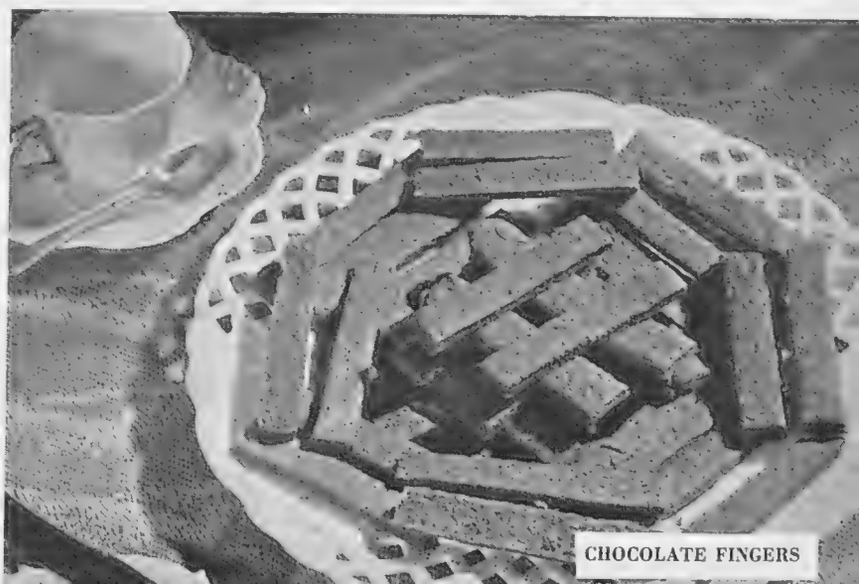
CHOCOLATE FINGERS

Mix 4 oz. of flour with 2 oz. of cocoa and 2 oz. of sugar. Cream 3 oz. of margarine and rub it into the dry ingredients adding, if necessary, a little cold water to form a stiff paste. Roll out on a floured board to ½ in. thick, cut into fingers ½ in. in width and bake in a moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes.

CRESS AND SHRIMP SAVOURY

Cut into rounds slices of brown bread and butter them with margarine creamed with chopped watercress or mustard and cress. Add a little pepper and arrange neatly on top a few shelled shrimps.

Harriet Muir



CHOCOLATE FINGERS

So She Won't Drink Her Milk

IT is a considerable poser to any mother's powers of persuasion when some small person decides she doesn't like milk.

You can't reason, or recommend the body-building virtues of fresh milk to the very young with much hope of success. On the other hand, it is a serious matter for a child to have less than the daily pint, at least—so what to do?

Sometimes the refusal to drink milk is no more than a sudden fad, which patient and tactful handling will dispose of quickly. Sometimes the trouble springs from a genuine physical revulsion, which is, of course, more difficult.

In the first case, if the child is simply putting on an act—and this is far more common than you would think—it is well to avoid all scenes, to make no show of anxiety, but just wait until the novelty has passed.

In these cases you can frequently side-step argument by introducing some amusing novelty, like drinking the milk through a straw, which often so intrigues the youngster that she will forget her act for the moment.

Another way is to serve the milk in a little jug or doll's tea-pot from which she can pour into her own mug. This may be a bit sloppy, but it frequently gets the milk down.

If this doesn't work, either a few drops of cochineal or green vegetable cake colouring will give the milky contents of a glass a glamorous new appeal.

I have seen this work repeatedly with a small girl who was highly intrigued each day to discover "what colour milk the cow has laid to-day." The story of Sarah, the wonderful cow who sent the coloured milk and had countless staggering adventures, helped to put gallons of nourishment into this small girl, who had promised otherwise to present a problem about her milk supply.

When the aversion to milk proves to be something more genuine and deep-seated, the only way is to introduce the milk in unusual forms with a carefully disguised flavour.

Bovril, made with milk, and Marmite, too, will often get by without recognition. Remember, too, that milk can be introduced into soups with success. If you are using a tin of soup, use only half and fill it up with milk. Prepared soup powders can be made up with milk instead of water, or with half of each.

Then there is the whole range of light summer milk puddings which need only a little extra flavouring and some colouring to increase their appeal.

Jellies are released again and are appearing fairly frequently in the shops. Made with milk instead of water, these are nearly always popular with children. Leaf gelatine or crystals, used with a little flavouring essence and some colouring, will do quite as well.

If you can get hold of some cornflour or blancmange powder, chocolate moulds are another sure winner. It matters not at all in what shape or form you get the milk into your young jibber, it only matters that she gets it.

The sweeter beverages are not likely to have much success with the child who has a real dislike of milk, but in the summer you might get away with glasses of chilled fruit-juice laced with about a half volume of milk. The colouring and flavouring of the fruit-juice will effectively disguise the milk.

It is essential never to refer to the milk problem in the hearing of the child. If she is just acting, this kind of publicity will suit her down to the ground and only increases the trouble. If the thing is genuine, it is still better not to refer to it. Accept the situation calmly and go on camouflaging the hated flavour, taking the greatest possible care that your deception is never discovered.

LOUISA KAY

To the smooth-curve of a gently smiling mouth lipstick lends vivacity and enchantment . . . it is the final accent that seems to light your whole expression. Choose your lipstick then with care, choose lipsticks made famous by Elizabeth Arden for their satin smooth texture, long lasting freshness and glorious shades, created to harmonise with whatever colour you may wear.

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Mountain and Moor, by Harry Watson, A.R.A., R.W.S.

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The Fat Years—And The Lean

(*Continued from page 16*)

much as it does when he's a little drunk alcoholically. If in time the emotional cycle is taken seriously, aeroplane pilots and other dangerous-job men will have their off-duty spells regulated to fit their individual emotional-cycle charts.

But this is only one of scores of different lines of research now going on into the rhythmic movement of things. More than a thousand scientists the world over now devote all or most of their energies to cyclic research. They are paid by governments, foundations, universities, industry, and commerce—mostly, for charting, or trying to chart, a past pattern which will enable forecasts of the future to be made.

There are all kinds of cycles, known, half-known, and suspected. A moon cycle, which makes the sea tides on earth, and a sun-spot cycle, which affects radio communication, among other things. A price cycle, study of which is aimed at prediction of eras of high and low prices—very useful for the people who buy and sell. A stock-market cycle (about the only thing known about that one is that everything that goes up must come down, and the higher they rise, the farther they fall).

But most current money and effort is going into research into weather cycles.

The sequence of abnormally dry and abnormally wet years over a long period seems to give the key to the riddle. Many years ago an elderly scientist went hunting old trees in the valleys of the Ohio and Alleghany Rivers. He found a white oak stump in one valley, a hemlock stump in another. Age had cut them down, but the rings of annual growth, wide for the wet years, narrow for the dry, were plainly traceable. The scientist checked the rings. He had additional background data derived from study of fossil tree trunks millions of years old (the oak and hemlock were only 400 to 500 years old) : 1,200 years of rainfall in one area has since been charted from half-a-million rings in 5,000 tree sections.

The scientist looked at the resultant charts and discerned a weather cycle of 90.4 years. If the cycle had not changed, the river valleys were due for flooding at a time spot which the chart set at 1942. The floods arrived right on time.

A number of scientists were waiting to see if they did; for there are weather cycles within weather cycles, and this one might be one occurring for four or five centuries running, and then resting up for a few centuries before recurring. A group of French meteorologists carried their researches into the national archives. They had a theory that there is a weather cycle 372 years long. Every 372 years the sun, moon and earth are in exactly identical relative positions—the complete eclipse cycle. Their theory was that the weather depends on the relative positions of the three bodies, and so the weather must repeat itself when the relative positions of the three bodies repeat themselves.

The archives showed that summer rains were so heavy in 1564 that public processions were held to intercede Providence for their cessation. On the strength of this, the scientists predicted summer floods in France for 1936. Summer floods are absurd, unheard of—at least, so everybody said. However, they came. It may have been coincidence, or it may have been the cycle.

Adolf Hitler had initial luck by following instead of bucking the cycle. His weather forecaster, Dr. Bauer, promised him a reversal of the normal trend for Poland. Instead of the September rains, which usually turn the Polish plains into a bog, it would be dry, and the Wehrmacht could count on firm ground for tanks—a brief campaign based on utilizing dry weather. It is not on record whether Bauer was consulted on the subject of the Russian winter in 1941. If he did accurately predict an unusually early and severe winter—a replica of the early and exceptionally heavy snows which lost Napoleon his Grand Army—perhaps the Fuehrer said : "No matter : we shall smash the Red armies before the weather breaks."

It's hard to know what General Eisenhower would have decided if the meteorologist on whose word he waited to give the signal for the D-Day rush, had forecast the great and sudden weather break which wrecked one of the two Mulberrys, and might have brought disaster on the Allied invading armies. Would he have held up for a month, or risked it? I was told that the odds were on the weather break, because prior to the "Go !" order, the weather had been good for an exceptionally long period. The cyclic theory, again.

Bauer used the Norwegian-elaborated theory of a six-months cyclical movement of the masses of polar and tropical airs across the Northern Hemisphere. The theory is that weather disturbances arise from the clash of this warm and cold air, and you can get the rough outline of spring-summer and autumn-winter weather patterns by surveying the chart records after the spring and summer equinoxes.

But that's only part of the story. You have to keep daily watch on changing conditions, and check and modify forecasts accordingly. The long-term forecasting business may be easier, because being out a month or three doesn't matter much if you're looking for, say, a three-year drought or wet-weather run, or a series of cold winters or hot summers. It is recorded that old J. P. Morgan I took the financial journalist Barron into his office at the time when the cotton-growing South was flat on its back, and explained in figures how and why the South had to come back, through good, disease-free crops, and high prices, again. He also said when—and was three years out. If he had gambled on his time forecast, he would have been broke.

What happened? Maybe the sun-spot cycle took one of its long-term twists. That cycle of waxing and waning storms on the sun runs 10 to 11 years—and so does the trade cycle, according to German economic studies. The rhythm of earthly affairs—farm gluts and farm scarcities, fat and lean business years, smiling and long faces, even vigorous and feeble children—is according to the basic theory, attuned to the dance of the sun storms, which influence life on earth through swings in solar radiation, and the varying intensity of solar electronic bombardments.

But peaks and troughs of the sun-spot cycle are not predictable within a year. They may follow a longer-time cycle geared to the grand basic rhythm of the universe. In the spring of 1940, for instance, a sun spot appeared out of season. A magnetic storm disrupted communications, a bright new star appeared in the heavens, a solar eclipse brought a storm of static. Cyclic researchers says these were all parts of some ascertainable cycle.

It would be something if we could gear the sun-moon cycle to the incidence of earthquakes and tornadoes. These periodic murderous assaults of Nature can cause as much ruin and death as an atomic bomb. More than 250,000 people died in 2,000 quakes between 1915 and 1935—50,000 in Quetta alone when the lining up of sun and moon in a certain position caused a quake, which had been building up 400 miles under the earth's crust, to let go. In 1935, 23,000 persons died in the whirling storms we call tornadoes. The British scientist, Dr. Davidson, has found a close relationship between earthquakes and the moon cycle. Certain types of quake can be counted on to occur at regular intervals, just as certain functions of the human body run a 56-day, or 28-day, or 14-day cycle.

This whole body of scientific activity has been given an immense impetus now by the demand of air transportation companies and air-fleet commanders for more accurate short-range weather forecasting, and the demand of hard-pressed politicians and agricultural-bureau chiefs for reliable long-range weather prediction. The hydro-electric power, film production, sports, theatre, and other industries, are all intimately interested.

But it will be a sad day for the gambler when the ultimate secret is uncovered, the key to all cyclic movements found.

END

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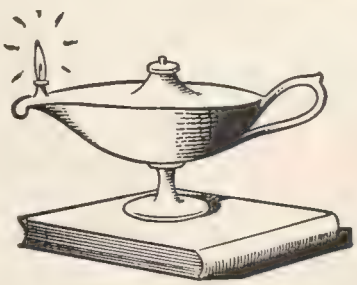

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Old Tales Re-told *(Continued from page 24)*

of the rich Abbess and her amazing power over the nuns are all subjects worthy of the pen of Boccaccio or Aretino.

Nothing, however, availed against the evidence accepted by the magistrates who were not ashamed to admit a defence based on the following principles. According to the tenets of Molinism and Illuminism approved by the Jesuits, Father Girard, in his capacity of confessor, felt that it was his duty and his right to shut himself up with penitents and impose on them any kind of discipline he fancied, and if there was anything which was considered improper and indecent by the outside world, this was only imposed to break down the will and pride of the penitents, for, "the body cannot stain the soul. One must, by the sin which renders humble and cures pride, kill sin!" Such was the power of the priesthood that the rich ladies of Provence unanimously affirmed that the nuns of d'Ollioules should have deemed it a great honour whatever attentions the good Father Girard bestowed upon them.

Needless, of course, to say that the trial which followed was a sequence of demoralizing scenes and lies, even to the point of drugging the unfortunate Mademoiselle Cadière, thus putting her in such a state of mind that she was not responsible for her answers. They intimidated all her companions who, through fear, turned against her. Likewise did her brothers and the lawyer who had been officially appointed to defend her. She was sentenced to death by hanging, and Father Girard was exonerated from all blame.

As soon as the people learned of this unjust verdict, they rushed in their hundreds and thousands to the prison gates, shouting threats and demanding the release of the girl.

In her cell the unhappy young nun heard the cries of the infuriated people, and a ray of hope for a while arrested her sobs.

PARLIAMENT, meanwhile, terrified at the turn of things, decided on a re-trial, the outcome of which was that Mademoiselle Cadière should be restored to her mother at Toulon, but she was ordered to pay all the costs of the trial.

The nun's acquittal automatically implied the guilt of Father Girard, and a special court of twenty-five was appointed to vote for or against the death sentence on the old hypocrite. Twelve of these votes were in his favour and twelve against him. It was the president who cast his vote in with the first twelve, and turned the scales in his favour. Girard was free! . . . When he left the court, accompanied by the president, they both had to run for their lives to escape the anger of the public. As regards Mademoiselle Cadière, no one ever knew what became of her, for she was never returned to her mother.

It is true, perhaps, that while, in spite of their victory, the clergy never obtained from the King of France the official immunity they wanted so much, it is also true that these and many other similar horrors perpetrated by the corrupt classes in power, unwittingly created and fed the monster of the revolution that struck sixty years later and drenched with blood the soil of France.

END

The Dance Frock *(Continued from page 12)*

"Mademoiselle Cynthia, too?" he said curtly, hardly knowing he spoke aloud.

"She, too, has had her war, Monsieur."

"While we were spending peaceful nights in the German hospital . . . screaming for morphia, and then—hundreds of snug nights behind our barbed wire, cosy in our little Stalag . . . Mademoiselle Cynthia, as you call her, was at the Savoy—the Embassy—the Four Hundred."

The girl put down her glass of Dubonnet. Her lips, her hair, shone in the pink-silk-shaded light.

"My mother is lame," she said.

He stared.

"But perhaps you didn't notice," she added.

"Why—yes—I did." He added quickly, puzzled, "I'm sorry."

The girl's red, neatly-manicured hand stayed curled round her glass. "During the 'blitz' months my mother was in the habit of spending the nights, when I was not at home, with her sister, who is the widow of an *antiquare*—an antiques dealer—and who inhabits near to Ebury Street. I would go usually to fetch her on my way home from my ambulance post—we used to change over at six in the morning—"

The waiter interrupted, "—your omelet, Mademoiselle. The sole for you, Monsieur?"

"Yes, please."

"—On one morning," Yvette went on, "the bombardment was still continuing. The sky was the colour of this lampshade. Since my bicycle had been stolen I had to walk, and Mademoiselle Cynthia proposed to drive me home. She had still her car. I accepted gratefully, explaining to her that I had to fetch my mother. It was what we called 'a noisy night.' That is to say the bombs seemed to fall almost without stopping. But neither Mademoiselle nor myself were excessively disturbed. *Nous en avions l'habitude*—we had the habit of them, so to speak! It was only when one would fall near—just as we passed Victoria Station the blast of one turned the car altogether round—I remember how Mademoiselle Cynthia said 'Bad for the tyres' and we tried to laugh—then we were going along Ebury Street, and ahead of us one fell! And I saw it must be just about where was my aunt's lodging. I must have cried out, through those terrifying sounds, that thunder of a building crumbling in on itself—Because she accelerated without saying a word and putting one hand on my arm, and I remember her profile, that goddess-profile of hers, shone as we approached the fire, that had begun. Already against the flames we saw silhouettes of people running, seemingly silent because we could not hear anything except the noise of the flames . . ." Yvette stopped, checked herself from description of a scene her memory made her see again. "Briefly," she said, "we found it was, in fact, the row of houses where my aunt lived. Her house was 'down' as we said. There was a crowd in the street outside it. Also men of the Civil Defence, already there with their spades and ropes, and an ambulance. I asked useless questions of the crowd. Someone said, 'I shouldn't stay here; wherever a fire starts they bomb again.' The house where my aunt lodged looked already as if it had been a ruin for centuries. It had a shape of its own, one hollow window through where one saw a further firelit street. One could no longer believe in the existence of her little house. The Rescue Squad was already at their task—I recognized suddenly a yellowish wardrobe with an oval mirror in the door. It was lying on its side on a pyramid of rubble. The mirror wasn't broken. It took them little time to discover my aunt. They wouldn't let me see her. Mademoiselle Cynthia who stood with them wouldn't let me see her. Through my state of terror I felt a strength in her that astonished me. She came from the rubble near the wardrobe and said, 'Now you are to sit in the car, Yvette, until I bring you news.' She took my arm. She made me sit in the bottom of the car, on the floor 'in case of blast.' She forced me to drink some brandy—It's true I was in that state when to stand is hardly possible. . . . I don't know how long it was after that, until I got up, and made myself look out to where I saw the same group. The light of the fire had become less brilliant, redder, their silhouettes looked blacker. And then I saw someone kneeling, bending over—it *(Continued on page 54)*

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The Super Ten is a highly individual quality car—from the cylinder block with its really phenomenal life between rebores, to the last detail of luxury finish and trimming. Your local Singer Dealer will gladly give you the full specification—and very possibly has a Singer Ten in his Showrooms. You should examine this car in detail. We particularly commend it to those who need a car that exceeds the average in performance, in comfort and in appearance: and one that will fulfil these conditions through several years of use.

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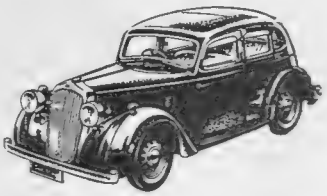
COVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM



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WITH OPEN ARMS

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was Mademoiselle Cynthia. I got out of the car, I went towards that group on the slope of rubble and wood and sections of furniture . . . She—Mademoiselle, she was bent right over—the men bent too, with their picks and hands alternately. She held something—I was near, close now, but none of them saw me—She held a hand, an arm, I saw her lips moving. . . . At this moment two of them seized something—heaved it up, and aside—exposed something.

"My mother told me after—'I saw her smile—the smile of an angel—the smile of an angel whose tears cannot cease' . . . And yes, then—that shriek—the scream of a bomb, another, coming down——One of the men knocked me on to my face. They all threw themselves down—and my mother told me that the hand of Mademoiselle, who was just giving her the injection of morphine, did not tremble! And that she said—you know how she speaks, Monsieur, that sweet, half-asleep, voice, 'Yvette tells me that you might find time to make me a dress. I want something really frivolous. . . .'"

"——the bomb?" demanded Simon.

"It wasn't too near. Two streets away."

After a pause he said, "And yet she seems and looks as if she hadn't even noticed the war——"

Yvette broke in—"You *think* that, Monsieur! My fiancé, too—*he* thinks that *I* haven't changed! He has come back. He was deported in 1940 to Germany. I have just been to France to see him, where he has returned to his father's farm. He is hardly recognizable, Monsieur. An old man—of twenty-eight. His mother wrote to me to warn me before I went. I prayed to God that *nothing*—nothing of what I felt should be written in my face. And so—he found me unchanged— He was at the same time happy, and yet bewildered, and even shocked that I could be 'the same.' He said to me, 'One says that you never even had bread rationed . . .' How should I say to him what I had suffered through my terror for him—But nothing of that showed. And so he kept saying, 'But you haven't changed, Yvette—*Tu n'es pas changée.*'"

She was silent.

After a moment Simon broke out, abruptly, urgently, strangely— "Yvette, will you

The Dance Frock

be good enough to answer me a question?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"My—face—?" He saw a flicker—wary, uncontrollable, pitying in the depth of her steady gaze. "My—face," he repeated, "does it—does it—look—" he dropped his voice. "*How does it look?* . . . I was shot down—burned. . . ."

She didn't answer. He perceived her draw a quick breath, saw a quiver of her wide mouth, a movement of her nostrils.

"It looks very well—all right—Monsieur."

"I used to have rather a good tan—from ski-ing, and sunbathing—" He put his ungloved hand up to the mottled leathery dark pink skin out of which the left side of his face seemed to have been built up.

"Monsieur—it is my turn to ask you a question. What do you think Mademoiselle Cynthia is doing at this moment?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"But dressing!" she exclaimed.

"Probably," he admitted.

"Certainly. And while she is putting on the new dress she looks in the glass. Why? Why does a woman in love look in the glass? Not certainly to ask herself if her lover is beautiful enough for her! But, on the contrary, if she is beautiful enough for him!"

"Is she—in love?"

She stretched out her hand and took his—the right stiff hand, taut in its unwrinkled brown leather glove.

"Monsieur. Last evening Mademoiselle telephoned to my mother. She said, 'Madame Madeleine, if that new dress is not ready in time I shall scream!'" She gave him a swift smile. "Those are the words of a woman in love."

Simon sat ba... "Are they?" A smile moved the stiff side of his mouth. "Are they? Really?"

"Believe me, Monsieur, they are!" said Yvette, and she lifted her glass, and looked at him with those brown tawny eyes full of tenderness and common sense and gaiety, which he was to remember always, to think of always, as the eyes, the wise and sad and merry and unforgettable eyes, of his beloved France.

END

When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that
The World's Best Marmalade
is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is
J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

They Still Guard The Frontier

(*Continued from page 15*)

the plain and fancy *pugris* still cap the Indians trudging through the same old dust under the same old broiling summer sun.

Dispositions, quarters and defences, yes, even tactics, are still unchanged in fundamentals. The army still guards the Frontier in a chain of outposts, backed by reserves. The outposts are still placed to command the passes, beside some mud-built town or village. They still occupy forts built in the days of Wellington or thereabouts, sometimes attached to barracks clustered in cantonments, the whole encircled by barbed wire, and by pickets in towers like crusaders' castles. The reserves still sit on or behind the Indus Line, occupying cantonments or forts—but without the pickets and elaborate barbed wire—beside Peshawar, Rawal Pindi and other large towns.

"Flag marches" and patrolling still attempt to keep the tribes in awe. And when these fail, patrols dash out to round up the raiders, columns of as much as an infantry brigade, with detachments of other arms and services, proceed on punitive expeditions, and in really serious cases even larger forces, including, perhaps, the reserves, undertake major operations, all as in Desmond's day.

The chief differences are: The outposts are now fifty to one hundred miles farther forward, in and near places like Landi Khotal, Parachinar, Thal and Razmak, with Kohat and its equivalent (the most advanced of Desmond's stations) relegated to their supports; and cantonments in forward areas are constantly patrolled, with their perimeter wire under brilliant electric light during the hours of darkness.

In Desmond's time, Kohat like other Frontier stations, was a miserable little place. To-day, thanks largely to Field Marshal Lord Birdwood, General Sir John Coleridge and other energetic District commanders, the cantonment is an English garden suburb dropped among the barren hills. Bungalows nestle among luxuriant trees, shrubs and flowers—Kohat's violets are famous throughout India—and ducks swim in waters reminiscent of English brooks.

But all this is a delusion and a snare. You may remember that Desmond's poor little, flighty, misunderstood wife was shot dead by raiders when she ventured outside the perimeter wire one night to take a short cut, and thereby escape the wrath of her straitlaced husband. The Ellis case, though it happened before World War II, is still fresh in Kohat memory. Tribesmen got through the wire and entered a Kohat bungalow with intent to rob. They roused the lady of the house and her daughter, who were alone. Unfortunately, the lady resisted. So they murdered her on the spot and carried off the daughter to their village, a few miles away though in sight of the cantonment.

The whole Frontier sprang into an uproar. The tribe would not give up the captive, and it looked as if a large-scale war would be required to rescue her. Then Miss Ellis, on Government service in the station, volunteered to endeavour to save the girl and avert the war by going alone into the village and persuading the headman to let her take the girl away. It was a magnificently courageous act, for terrible things might happen without any useful result. (*Continued on page 56*)

Vita-Weat

REGD.

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

MR. PEEK :
'The news flies round from mouth to mouth'

MR. FREAN :
'There's Vita-Weat for North and South'

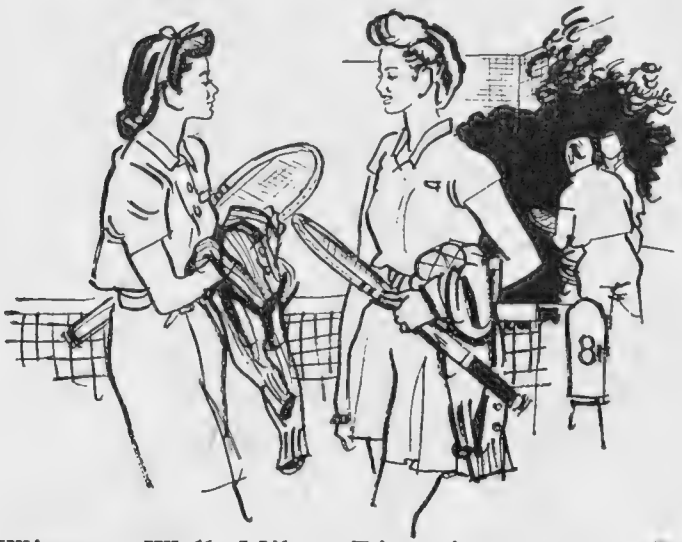
★ The Government zoning plan limiting the distribution of crispbread has now been lifted.

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

This attractive suit, with Dolman sleeves, has been designed by Hershelle especially for the Spring . . .

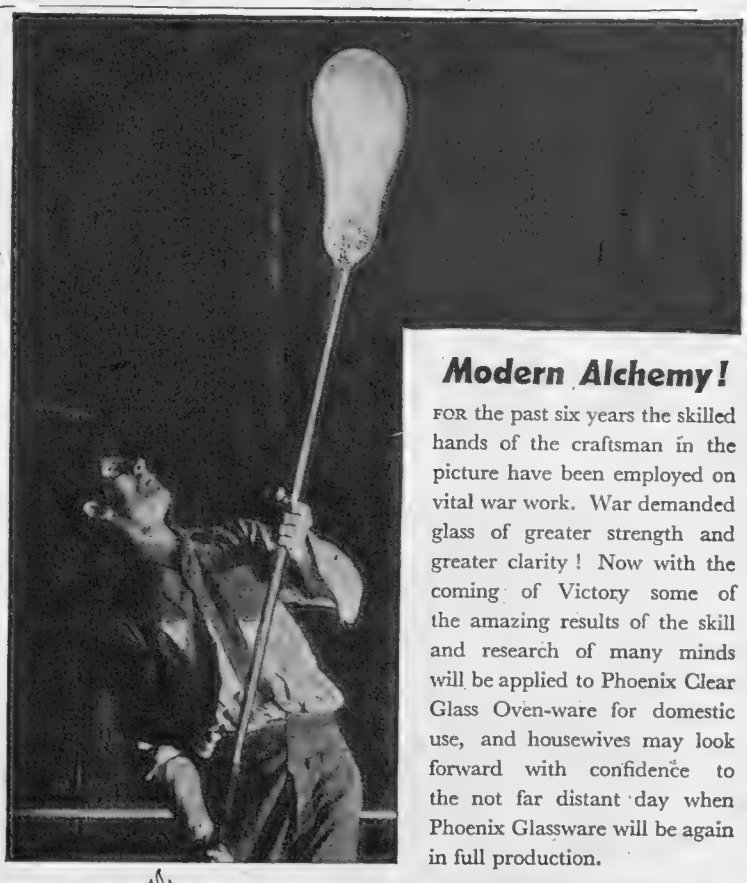
. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

Loser : I love a hard game—
but I'm so bothered by
under-arm perspiration . . .



Winner : Well, Milton Rinse is a
match for that !

Don't be embarrassed . . . . Before a match bathe your under-arms with 1 teaspoonful of *Milton* in a tumbler of water. It will keep you fresh and free from all offence.



Modern Alchemy!

FOR the past six years the skilled hands of the craftsman in the picture have been employed on vital war work. War demanded glass of greater strength and greater clarity ! Now with the coming of Victory some of the amazing results of the skill and research of many minds will be applied to Phoenix Clear Glass Oven-ware for domestic use, and housewives may look forward with confidence to the not far distant day when Phoenix Glassware will be again in full production.

PHOENIX

REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE

Clear and Stays Clear

FOR YOU
-and the children too!
Gibbs
DENTIFRICE
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7½D Prices U.K. only
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THE FAMILY FAVOURITE
FOR OVER 30 YEARS
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 2475

JACOB'S
water biscuits
W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD.

But it was the only real hope for a bloodless solution. So Miss Ellis was allowed to try her plan. She returned eventually, bringing the girl with her, unharmed.

So clever and so cunning are rifle thieves that men sleeping with their arms are required to chain them to their bodies. At a demonstration near the perimeter wire, the demonstrator thought it necessary to leave a rifle lying by itself about fifty yards from the nearest spectator. The approaches were under the full glare of the electric lights and guarded by sentries, but the senior officer present insisted that some one remain with the rifle throughout the demonstration. I remarked that it seemed impossible that any one could carry off the rifle under our very eyes.

They Still Guard The Frontier

"You don't know these fellows!" was the reply. "Some of them are probably in the shadows outside the wire at this very moment, just watching for their chance!"

Atomic bombs may come, the British Raj in India may go but that sort of thing will remain as long as the tribes have "bad men" threatening the complacent millions of India proper—probably therefore for a very long time. The burden may of course be shifted entirely to Indian shoulders. Meanwhile, British and Indian warriors, supported by their devoted wives and families, still guard the Frontier in Desmond's style, with the self-same courage, endurance and self-sacrifice.

END

"There She Blows!"

(*Continued from page 25*)

gaunt ribs of an umbrella, the sea world about us went suddenly berserk.

At the catcher-ship's winches two men automatically, almost unconsciously, flicked over short levers, and the drums rattled into action; fathoms of line went smoking through the blocks, tautening, slackening, tautening again as the pain-maddened mammoths plunged swift and deep.

Astern of the sea giant *Unitas* that night were tethered a row of dead whales, strangely motionless and utterly supine. Our working deck, bridged by the winch-island, had become very active; the day gang had gone and the slipwaymen, the flensers and meat-cutters were ready for *their* work. Slowly, a great forked tail came up out of the sea and lay on the stern slipway; the grab descended, gripping the tail in its jaws; and two big winches amidships roared into life pulling up the ninety-five tons of bone and flesh until it lay there—a monumental corpse in the queer light.

Two flenser-men moved towards it and made two swift, long parallel cuts; their actions were quick. Lightning-quick. Two more men went to work. A youngster hooked a wire hawser to the mammoth's jaw—the winch turned slowly, carefully. And they "peeled" that whale as easily as a child an orange.

IT all happened in the 1938 season. At the beginning of that fateful summer of '39, the sea giant *Unitas* steamed back to her home port laden with 12,000 barrels of first class whale oil, 26,000 sacks of whale meat. And then—and then the lights went out over Europe, and the world outside Hitler's Third Reich heard no more of the monster factory ship for nearly six years.

No real whaling, measured by pre-war standards, took place between 1939 and 1945, but what there was of it logged another epic chapter in the long story of "Moby Dick" and his descendants. On one occasion the *Graf Spee* was ordered to intercept and destroy a war-time expedition, and the following year U-boat packs sought out a "scrap" fleet that voyaged into the southern seas. And failed to find it.

Between 1934 and 1940 world production of whale oil averaged 480,000 tons yearly, which meant the slaughter of approximately 30,000 whales each season. In 1945 the Chamber of Shipping Whaling Section reported plans for speedy exploitation of ". . . this major source of essential fats and oils. . . ." Recommending ". . . that all surviving enemy-owned factory ships . . . be transferred to British and Norwegian ownership"; adding: *"In view of the urgent need of fats it is essential that a decision should be made on this point at a very early date."*

In 1936 British margarine makers used 66,000 tons of this oil, and the home soap industry accounted for 28,000 tons. From a ninety-five foot male whale more than one hundred forty-gallon barrels of oil can be obtained; emerging from the factory-ship's boilers the oil is carefully graded into three containers, first of which receives only pure blubber oil, pale yellow in colour and only faintly fishy, used solely in the manufacture of margarine and synthetic foods and cosmetics. Second grade oil, darker, more acid and called "bone oil," is put to many uses; last and lowest grade, which is highly odiferous, is fit only for machinery lubrication after refining. Soap, margarine, perfumes, cosmetics, leather dressing, lubricants, glycerine, fertilizer, candles, cooking fats . . . thank *you*, sea mammoths of the Icy South. We could use *all* you could give us!

But, according to Professor Bergerson, of Oslo, the whaling industry, which is worth at least £4 million annually to Britain and Norway, is heading for the last round-up, or its seafaring equivalent. The good professor, who is co-operating with British ministries in the present whale emergency, claims the reason to be that whales are now more vulnerable and could thus be exterminated *by piratical methods* in a very short while.

Elaborating his statement, he explains that ". . . it is suicidal to go on killing only the big seventy to eighty-foot blue monsters, which is what the present expedition aimed at doing."

"We calculate," he says, "one blue whale equals two fin whales, equals three hump-back whales, equals six sei whales. And there are now approximately only 15,000 'blue whale units' in existence!"

In other words, the words of experienced whalermen on the spot, the whale family is rapidly declining in numbers and in size: in 1933 the "blue" represented about 88 per cent of the season's haul, fins about 9 per cent. Six years later, during the last pre-war expedition, the percentage of "blues" taken fell to 38 per cent, while fins rose to 55 per cent. And the almost legendary hump-backs declined so alarmingly that laws had to be introduced to protect their kind! In 1854 when "Moby Dick" was the popular fancy of big, black-bearded whalermen, total oil harvest was 12 million gallons. In 1937 the season's haul was expected to be in the neighbourhood of 70 million gallons; *so great was the future plan of wholesale slaughter that some kind of international agreement—promptly broken by Japan—was proposed whereby seasonal catches should not produce more than* 100 *million gallons!* It was degenerating into a whaling free-for-all-and-the-devil-take-the-loser. And the highly disagreeable repercussion is being witnessed to-day.

Agreement between Britain, Northern Ireland, South Africa, America, Australia, Canada, New Zealand and Norway resulted in the dispatch of the 1945-1946 expedition, which extended from November 24 to March 24, instead of as normally, December 1 to March 7, and catches were to be limited to 16,000 "blues," equal to about 270,000 tons of oil, roughly two-thirds of the average pre-war production. But as much as half a million tons of oil which, it was claimed, would ease the world shortage of fats, was *expected* to result from the great expedition just ended.

Expectations failed to come up to estimated hopes; the expedition is bringing back to Europe considerably lower yields of oil and meat, and even this smaller haul will need to be accepted with good grace by Britain and Norway if their whalers are to remain in business!

And the sea giant *Unitas*—what became of her? She is now the *Empire Victory*.

END

We'd
have a tonic
if we could have a

Schweppes

YES!... **CHIVERS JELLIES!**

Excited?

Well, of course— Chivers Jellies are coming into the shops again!! Not very many at first, unfortunately, but John and Mary are lucky—they are children, and grown ups have been asked to reserve these first supplies for children and invalids who really do need Chivers Jellies most.

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in just a few seconds...with

PAN-CAKE
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MAKE-UP
Max Factor ★
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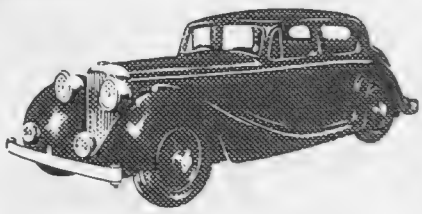
*MAX FACTOR Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable only from your local Chemist, Hairdresser and Store.

Jaguar



These full 5-seater de luxe cars with many new refinements including air conditioning with defrosting and demisting on 3½, 2½ and 1½ litre (special equipment model) and New Girling Brakes on 3½ and 2½ litre models — are still the finest value obtainable.

1½ litre Saloon £535. Purchase Tax £149 · 7 · 3
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2½ litre Saloon £695. Purchase Tax £193 · 16 · 1
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JAGUAR CARS LTD., COVENTRY (Previously S.S. Cars Limited)

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● Quickly served, WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT provides an appetising breakfast dish rich in the generous nourishment of whole wheat, and thus lays the foundation for strength and energy to meet the demands of the day's work or play. 8d. the large packet (3 points).

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(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED WHEAT

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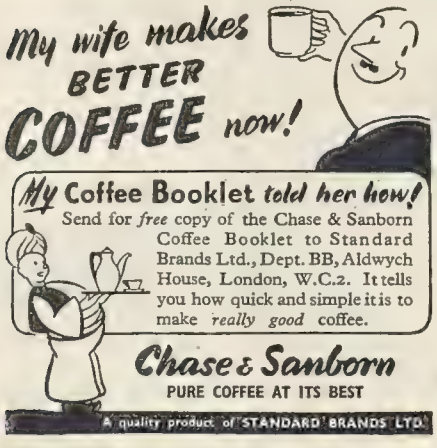
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Send for *free* copy of the Chase & Sanborn Coffee Booklet to Standard Brands Ltd., Dept. BB, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2. It tells you how quick and simple it is to make *really good* coffee.
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PURE COFFEE AT ITS BEST
A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.
ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Ruched Jumper

(*Continued from page* 45)

first 36 sts. on a spare needle). Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 neck edge rows. Continue without further shaping until 8 rows of the next ruching.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 30 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Return to the 36 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work as for the back until 8th row of 2nd ruching has been worked.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, very tightly. Work 1 row of ribbed stripe in original wool, then divide sts. for the back opening.

Work 39 sts. until 2nd row of ribbed stripe has been worked. Place the remaining 39 sts. on a spare needle.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work 8 rows of ruching.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 30 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows.

Return to the remaining 39 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on with original colour 64 sts. Work 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Inc. 1 st. in every st. of the last row only. Change to No. 7 needles and contrast colour. Work 1 ruching, 1 ribbed stripe and 8 rows of ruching.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Change to No. 12 needles and original colour.

***13th row.**—K. 2 tog. all along row.

14th row.—Rib.

15th row.—K. 2 tog., rib to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

16th row.—Rib, k. 2 tog., rib to the last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

17th row.—As fifteenth.

18th row.—Rib.

19th row.—Rib.

20th row.—Rib twice into every st.

Work 1 ruching *.

Work from * to * twice.

Work 1 ribbed stripe and 1 ruching. Cast off very tightly.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and original colour, cast on 140 sts. Rib ½ in., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves (stripes to match with stripes of jumper). Sew on the neck band. Work 2 rows of d.c. down both the left and right back opening. Make 3 button loops. Sew on buttons.

END

Short-sleeved Jacket

(*Continued from page* 45)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work without further shaping until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work in twist st. for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles (inc. 1 st., 45 sts.). Work in main patt. for 4 rows. Then inc. 1 st. on the next side edge row and every following 6th row until 61 sts. Work without further shaping until 11 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

(Wrong side of work facing).

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Work until armhole measures 5 ins. on the remaining sts.

SHAPE NECK

(Right side of work facing).

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck row, then work for 2 ins. at the same time dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

As right front, with shapings at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work 1½ ins. twist st. Change to No. 10 needles (inc. 1 st., 81 sts.). Work in main patt. Work 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 91 sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 28 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves.

With the No. 1 steel crochet hook and contrast colour wool, begin edges. Start on the right-hand front, at the top of the neck. Work 2 rows of d.c. down front. Make buttonloops. Work 2 d.c. at the top of neck. *6 ch., miss 4, d.c. 1 d.c. into the next 9 ch.; rep. from *, making 8 buttonholes in all.

Next row.—2 d.c. * Work 6 d.c. into button loop, 9 d.c. into the next 9 d.c.; rep. from * to end of row, ending 2 d.c. Work 2 rows round the left-hand side of front. Work 2 rows round the neck, and 1 row round the sleeves. Press all seams and edgings. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; patt. = pattern; rep. = repeat; d.c. = double crochet; ch. = chain; ins. = inches.

END

Mrs. Beeton Died Very Young

(*Continued from page* 29)

starchy and tedious etiquette, would wish herself in that age?

Isabella insists on punctuality. No mistress, she declares, can expect early rising from her servants—housekeepers, incidentally, were plentiful from £30 a year, cooks at £20 to £30, upper housemaids at £18 to £25 and kitchenmaids at £8 to £15, all with tea, sugar and beer—unless she rises early herself.

She is strict about the social call, prescribing a different technique for visits of friendship, congratulation and condolence. And on receiving calls, she says, the mistress should cease her drawing, music or reading, though she could continue with *light* needlework, any other form being ruthlessly banned from the drawing-room.

It was Isabella who first introduced colour-illustration into cookery books, and the austere modern eye can feast unrationed on the tempting pictures of her rich dishes.

The thousands of recipes were taken from every source, and Isabella was a practical and economical cook who careful computed the cost of each dish. But economy is relative and the 1946 housewife would hardly describe as an "austerity" dish her rum pudding for seven people, which needed: 1 pint of milk; 1 pint of cream; 6 oz. lump sugar; yolks of 10 eggs; 2 lemons; 1 oz. gelatine; 1 gill of best rum.

Even though it only cost three shillings!

END

I promise . . . . .

. . . to keep my feet on earth and my eyes on the stars, to cook like an angel and keep on looking as though I can't even boil an egg . . . to remember that it's as important to look lovely at breakfast as at dinner. Never will I neglect my Yardley beauty-regime — from to-day onwards I'll put my best face forward every day!

Powder: five shades 4/-
Lipstick: six shades 4/2 Refills 2/6
Hand Cream in bottles 5/3
Sorry, no post orders!

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SANDALS

. . . combine the magic beauty and romance of a bygone age with the luxurious comfort, lightness and flexibility of modern shoe-craft.

STYLE 1745

PRODUCED BY

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DOLCIS

ALL DOLCIS SHOE STORES ARE OPEN DURING NORMAL SHOPPING HOURS AT THEIR CUSTOMERS' SERVICE

THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN.

The Bird's Egg

(*Continued from page 20*)

That strange New Zealand bird, the kiwi, holds the world's record for laying the most disproportionately sized egg. A kiwi is about the same size as a chicken. But whereas a chicken lays an egg weighing about two ounces a kiwi lays one which may weigh three-quarters of a pound!

The largest egg is laid by the ostrich. One of these weighs about three and a half pounds and from a culinary point of view is equal to about three dozen hen's eggs. It takes forty minutes to boil lightly one ostrich egg, and at least four hours to hard-boil one. But when once cooked the egg will keep for weeks and can be cut and eaten like a joint!

For its exit from the egg a chick grows on the tip of its beak a white conical "tooth" of great hardness. With this tooth it first pricks the membrane of its air-chamber inside the egg. It then receives its first real breath. The rush of air to its lungs gives it an access of energy and it uses this to give a hard blow with its chipper at the shell of the egg. Through the hole it makes further oxygen floods in and the chick commences to cut and bore its way out through the shell.

Quite a small crack in the shell is sufficient to destroy the surprising strength of the intact egg-shell. Nevertheless some chicks take a considerable time to get out—two days in some instances.

A peculiar habit has been noticed with the young of bob-white quails. Writing of a clutch of quail eggs, from which the young had emerged, Charles Abbot said: "Each had been opened—not merely broken—alike and in a curious manner. A clean cut had been made nearly around the shell, but enough remained intact to hold the two portions together. The unsevered portion acted as a hinge, and so the little quails merely opened a wide door of their own making, and through it stepped out of the cramped quarters."

END

The Pawn Ticket

(*Continued from page 19*)

that anything was irking Mrs. Smyth.

Mrs. Smyth choked. Just in time she remembered that she was nicely—and unconsciously checkmated by her husband. She shouldn't have bought that coat and she had managed things cleverly so that he wouldn't know and she had thus avoided his wrath. She had been fool enough to drop the ticket. There was nothing she could say.

"The telephone is out of order," she managed to explain. "There's next to no champagne for the party to-night. So there was nothing for it but to come along and tell you."

"Why, dear, that's easily put right," Mr. Smyth said.

He rang a bell.

"Sybil," he said. "Just slip on your coat and go over to the warehouse yourself. Get them to deliver a dozen cases of the best to my house at once."

Mrs. Smyth shuddered. "Slip on your coat," indeed!

ON the way home Mrs. Smyth reflected with a certain degree of satisfaction that though she might have lost the coat, still—thank heaven—she had not yet sent the money to the shop. Nor would she now. Platinum blonde—well, really. And how extremely upset Tom was going to be when confronted with a bill of £4,000 for a coat for which he had already paid £3,000.

This thought cheered her enormously.

END

A Puzzle For Kelsey

(*Continued from page 28*)

yourself!" he said to the barmaid grandly.

The call-boy must be getting impatient, he thought lazily, but he felt much too mellow to worry about that. A glorious warmth of confidence was surging through him. "I'm seventy next birthday," he said, emptying his glass. "Shan't live for ever. What shall I do with all the cash? I'm not married. Got no friends outside my job." He waved a disdainful hand. "And I don't aim to pour it down the necks of the boozers in here. He puffed hard on his pipe and leaned forward. "*You* tell me, Mr. Thompson."

"It's difficult to advise," said the reporter after some hesitation. "Why not take a couple of weeks off and go fishing? Or something."

"Fishing?" echoed Kelsey, grinning. "Bad for my rheumatism." He shrugged. "I'll think of some way of getting rid of it. Want to do some good with it, if I can," he added with a far-away look. . . .

LONG after the reporter had gone he was still sitting in the bar, drinking pint after pint. He had squared it with the call-boy by giving him half-a-crown which had made the boy's eyes pop in surprise. His thoughts kept drifting back through the years. All the urge for life had drained out of him when Elizabeth had died suddenly from appendicitis. He had never seen the end of the run of *Romance for Two*; without Elizabeth, the repertory company was nothing but a series of flat gaping faces. To pull himself round he had gone out on tour in a musical. One night in Preston, after the first act, he had settled down to gloomy drinking in his dressing-room. He was drunk and missed his cue with a hiccup that made the audience laugh in the wrong place. He was fired. The same thing happened again under a different management. Booking agents labelled him "difficult," and finally "impossible."

Round the cheap provincial halls as "feed" to a trick acrobat. Red nose, baggy trousers, broken heart, custard pies, raging thirst. . . . Then one night, with the whisky burning under his belt, Kelsey had seen two ropes dangling where normally only one should have been. He clutched at the wrong one, broke a leg and two or three ribs. Months in hospital, and then the manager of the Coronet had spotted him in a Soho back street winding a cracked barrel-organ. That was how he had come to the theatre and his roaring fire. Years of dingy boarding-houses and public bars where the noise and the beer helped a man to forget *Romance for Two* and the gas-lit corridor of a hospital in the North.

"Time, gentlemen!" sang out the barmaid, shooting him a quick understanding glance. It was the signal to an old customer that *he* might have another if he chose. But to-night old Kelsey did not choose; instead, he staggered across the road to the theatre and shrugged himself into the faded, over-bleached camel-hair coat that an actor had given him several Christmases ago. It was raining, but Kelsey was indifferent to it. The lamps were blurred and the way they jumped out at him told him he had drunk too much.

He got on the bus and booked to Pimlico. A girl in the seat in front looked round when he asked for a twopenny ticket.

"Evening, Mr. Kelsey," she said.

"Hallo, Joyce," he said cheerfully. "I'm late to-night." And then he noticed that she was with a man whose padded shoulders and patent-leather hair, worn deep in the neck, made him Kelsey's enemy on sight.

"Evening, old chap," he said over his shoulder. "Any friend of little Joy's is a friend of mine." He extended a flabby white hand which showed several inches of shirt-cuff and a diamond ring. Kelsey pressed it reluctantly and (*Continued on page 62*)

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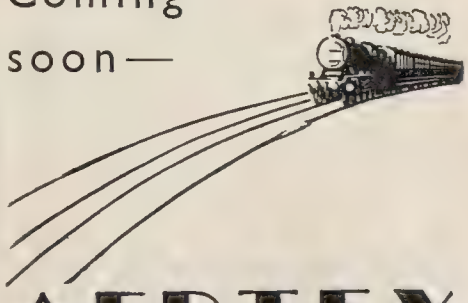

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withdrew into himself despite the young man's eagerness to be friendly.

He had forgotten all about his windfall. The man in front had his arm round Joyce's waist and they were laughing. Kelsey's thoughts drifted to Mrs. Webb. No doubt, she was worried sick about Joyce. Night after night, the girl was out late. He sighed. It was a bad break for her when that lad in the Tank Corps was killed at Caen. Nice boy, and all set to get married. . . . And now here was Joyce holding hands with a man who shot cheap jokes out of the side of his mouth like a film gangster!

He went downstairs as the bus crunched to a standstill. Must get rid of him, he thought, deliberately slowing up to light a cigarette.

"Nasty night," he remarked, falling into step with them. He laughed to himself as the young man grunted. They walked together in silence until the sooty old house in Collier Street loomed up out of the drizzle.

"Well, good night, old man," snapped the fellow with a curt wave of the hand.

"Come on, Joyce," muttered Kelsey, taking her by the arm. Before she could protest he had rung the front-door bell. "Silly of me," he said with a laugh, "I've forgotten my key. But you've got yours." The hall light flashed on. Joyce threw away her cigarette stub and shot Kelsey a glance of irritation.

"I'll be going," said the young man. "Ring me—you know where, honey."

"Look here, Mr. Kelsey," Joyce burst out angrily. "I'll be glad——"

Mrs. Webb opened the door and gave them a surprised look. She's tired, thought Kelsey, dead tired; shame to drag her out of bed. Her iron-grey hair was thin and straggly, and the thin hand that pushed it back hastily was knotted like an old woman's.

"Just bumped into Joyce," said Kelsey cheerfully. "Forgot my key."

Mrs. Webb gave them a weary smile. Kelsey noticed that her hands trembled as she helped Joyce off with her coat.

"You're late, dear," she whispered. "Not getting enough sleep."

Kelsey sat on his bed and smoked his pipe. Seventeen years he had lived in this room with the faded yellow wallpaper and the print of "The Relief of Lucknow" over the mantelpiece. Mrs. Webb was a young widow when he had first moved in. A bit ashamed of having to take in lodgers. Now the house was falling to bits and the bathroom taps didn't work. Kelsey would have moved years ago if he hadn't owed so much rent. Besides, Mrs. Webb always gave him a good breakfast and she'd been a mother to him when he'd had that last attack of arthritis. Well, she'll have her back rent as soon as I've got my money. . . . I'll take her up West and give her the best dinner money can buy. . . . He undressed slowly, glowing with benevolence and beer.

Mrs. Webb was frying when he walked into the kitchen next morning. Joyce gave him a nod and went on reading the newspaper.

"Morning," he said serenely. "Sausages smell good."

Joyce pushed her plate away with a yawn.

"Letter for you," said Mrs. Webb.

He slit the envelope open, conscious of Joyce's inquisitive glance. You couldn't blame her, Kelsey reflected with an inward smile. It was many years since anybody had written to him. He walked towards the stove before slipping the cheque and covering letter out of the envelope. Pay T. W. Kelsey, Esq., Seven Hundred and Fifty Pounds. . . .

"Not bad news, I hope?" asked Mrs. Webb, ladling out the sausages and fried bread.

"Nothing important," shrugged Kelsey, dropping the envelope into his breast pocket.

There was a curious expression on Joyce's face when her mother went out. Kelsey noticed it but went on eating.

"I'm sorry about last night," Joyce blurted out, going red in the face. "But you don't understand." Her fingers were drumming the table. "I know what you think of me and I don't mind!"

Her eyes smarted with sudden tears. "I'm sorry," she gulped. "You don't know what it means to be on your feet all day, rushing about in a café. And then to come home to this!" She waved her hand. "I'm sick to

A Puzzle For Kelsey

death of waiting on people. Why shouldn't I have a good time in the evenings?"

Kelsey went on eating. A heavy strained silence blanketed them. He pushed away his plate and carefully filled his pipe.

"I know how you feel, Joyce," he said sadly. "I loved someone once. She died."

She glanced up quickly, but Kelsey was engrossed in lighting up. "No good thinking of yourself," he mumbled, puffing at his pipe. He cleared his throat. "Must be off now."

On his way to the theatre he called at the bank on which the cheque was drawn. The cashier lifted his eyebrows in surprise.

"You want it all in cash, Mr. Kelsey?" he echoed. "This isn't a good time to have money lying about. None of my business, sir, but would you care to open an account?"

"All right," muttered Kelsey, "but I'd like twenty pounds right away."

It was surprisingly simple. Within half an hour, he was in the street again with twenty crisp pound notes in his pocket, and a brand-new cheque book. He strolled along the Strand and entered a big outfitter's. The clock at St. Martin's was just striking eleven when he came out, still feeling a little dazed. He had spent £18 9s. 6d. and all his clothing coupons in just under twenty-five minutes! But he had a new suit, shirts, shoes, socks and two sets of underwear on the way to his "digs" by post. Still, it was a bit frightening the way you went through money. Must be careful, he thought, as he stepped off the kerb.

"Look where you're going, dopey!" shouted an angry taxi-driver, swerving violently to avoid him. Kelsey stepped back hastily. Phew, that was near! Funny if he had been killed just as he had come into all this unexpected wealth. . . . The thought sobered him. All the cash would go to his next-of-kin or something like that. . . .

Next-of-kin. That would be his brother, Alfred, whom he hadn't seen for years although his shop was only a twopenny bus ride from Pimlico. Alfred would probably give the cash away. He wouldn't like to take money from the no-good of the family.

A dozen times that day he was asked at the theatre if he was ill. Nobody there had ever seen him so quiet. Seven hundred and thirty left. What shall I do with it?

The following Sunday afternoon he shaved with extra care and put on his new clothes.

His brother was just settling down for a Sunday nap when the housekeeper announced Kelsey.

"Hallo, this *is* a surprise!" he said heartily but with a frown on his face. "What brings you here, Tom?" His little eyes ran over Kelsey's new suit and he brightened up. He was afraid I'd come to touch him for a loan, thought Kelsey sardonically.

"Happened to be in the district," he said easily. "Thought I'd pop in to say how do. You're doing all right," he added with a glance round the room. It was furnished in a snug, solid way that suited its owner.

Alfred held forth for some time. The grocery business was a headache, nowadays, but he hoped to retire soon. The boy was out of the Air Force. Going into the business. Nice shop going over in Brixton. Not with my money, decided Kelsey suddenly.

A tall, lean young man came in and Kelsey liked his looks. The eyes under his sandy brows were very blue and he shook Kelsey's hand as if he meant it.

"How's the theatre, uncle?" he said with a grin. "I've heard all about you. I'd love to come along and meet all the stars."

His father grunted. "Frank was a prisoner-of-war in Germany for three years. Got the D.F.M., you know." He stretched himself lazily. I must go, thought Kelsey. He got up and caught a surprised look from his nephew.

"Surely you'll stay to tea, uncle," he said quickly.

Kelsey shook his head. "Must be going. I'm visiting in the district. Just popped in for a few minutes."

"I'll see you to the bus," said Frank.

They walked together for a while without saying anything.

"I've often thought of you, Uncle Tom," said Frank suddenly. (*Continued on page* 64)

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"You know, how you ran away to go on the stage, and all that." He laughed. "Do you believe in heredity? While in that prison camp I organized a concert party. We did a broadcast when we were repatriated." He shook his head sadly. "I had a crazy idea about taking it up professionally, but dad knocked it on the head. I hate the grocery business!" he added fiercely.

"Well, it's bread and butter," said his uncle facetiously.

Frank ignored the remark. "I've often thought of coming in to see you at the Coronet," he went on. "You must know all the stage people——"

Kelsey's bus swung round the corner. "Come in any time, lad," he said quietly.

He was not surprised when the boy appeared at the stage door the following evening. You could tell from the way he just sat there, drinking in all the chatter, that he had got it bad. Damn Alfred, thought Kelsey, the boy ought to have his chance.

"The stage is a hard game," said his uncle solemnly.

"So was being an air gunner," Frank rapped out impatiently. "But I loved every minute of it. Dad threatens to cut me off if I give up the shop. It's worth it. Don't you agree?"

This went on, night after night, and Kelsey began to look forward to Frank's visits almost as much as his nightly trip to the "Crown and Jolly Miller."

The following Sunday they had arranged to walk in Hyde Park, but it was raining.

"Come back to my place for a cup of tea," suggested Kelsey. "It's not up to much, but we can talk there."

Looking back on it, afterwards, the whole sequence of events seemed inevitable. But, then, as Kelsey remarked to Mrs. Webb a fortnight later, anything can happen in London on a rainy Sunday afternoon! Joyce and Frank seemed to get on like duck and green peas. After tea, they had switched on the wireless and danced in the sitting-room. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to suggest going to the cinema.

It had been a busy fortnight, one way and another, for Kelsey. He was constantly scribbling figures on his notepad and smiling mysteriously when one of the chorus girls hazarded that he was working out a new racing system. Life seemed very rich and crowded, nowadays, and for three whole days he had forgotten to nip over to the pub.

"Joyce and I are engaged," announced Frank one evening as they walked from the theatre. "I think she's wonderful."

"Knew her when she was a babe," said his uncle quietly. "By the way, there's two hundred pounds in your name at my bank. No, don't argue, boy, it's settled. And don't ask any questions or I'll change my mind!" He linked arms with Frank. "It'll keep you from starving while you're trying to get a job. I've spoken to Mr. Mitchell at the theatre and he'll try and fit you in somewhere. . . ."

He was equally curt and business-like with Mrs. Webb when he got back that night. He drank his hot cocoa with great deliberation and then pointed a bony finger at her.

"Now, listen to me," he said sharply. "There's a fortune these days running boarding houses." He whipped out his notepad. "With £500 you could fix this place up a treat. Two bathrooms, new wallpaper, some furniture. No, I haven't robbed a bank!" He told her about the newspaper competition. "Now, do stop crying, woman! It's a business proposition. I'm not *giving* you this £500, just paying my rent in advance to look after my old age."

She was crying happily to herself. "It's wrong to take it," she sniffed. "Whoever heard of anyone paying rent all those years in advance?"

He took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and pierced the end with a match. "I'll only be eighty-four," he chuckled. "I'm no fool, giving myself a good home for the next fifteen years."

She was saying something, but Kelsey didn't listen. He lit his cigar and the opulent smoke spiralled comfortably to the ceiling.

END

A Puzzle For Kelsey

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

Who wouldn't prefer Tahiti, anyway, to the L.S.E. where the bleak corridors all turn Left? You can warm your austerity heart with the sunshine in this story.

R.N.V.R. men and their families have a special interest in Mr. Gilbert Hackforth-Jones's "The Price Was High" (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d.), about a Stock Exchange clerk who enlists in the "Wavy" and comes to command a submarine. He is wounded, decorated; loses his wife in an air raid; emerges in a bitter mood, but finds consolation in that old devil sea, which is now in his blood, when a friend bequeaths him a yacht. "Sub." life at action stations is vividly drawn.

"PRETTY as a sunbeam in a goldfish bowl, sure, but they ought to hang a hurricane warning round her neck," is the description of a lureful dame in Mr. Charles G. Booth's "Mr. Angel Comes Aboard" (Hammond, 8s. 6d.). It's that kind of story—hard boiled, with slick, smarty dialogues—about a freighter, bound from Dakar to New Orleans and 'Frisco, which is found off Havana with no one aboard. No one? Well, girl newshawk Ann Wingate happened to be hidden below-decks, and when she teams up with Captain Angel's grandson, Johnny, to solve this "Marie Celeste" riddle and clear the old man's name, she is on to something more romantic than a mere news story. Strong drama and humour make this an outstanding novel.

THE unwisdom of shouldering other people's troubles seems to be the moral of Mr. Peter de Polnay's "The Umbrella Thorn" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). David McKenna, an ex-Army officer farming in Kenya, not only godfathers the child of a fellow-settler who dies; he marries, quixotically, the calculating widow Gloria, though there is no love between them. The unhappy union leads to tragedy when she is attracted by a coarse type of gigolo who arrives on the scene, and a vengeful friend of McKenna's resolves to kill her. The "simple life" of Kenya seems to bristle with odd characters and human problems which Mr. de Polnay delineates with a sure touch, though sometimes with the amplitude of the great open spaces he depicts. The unselfish McKenna, fate's fool-with-a-philosophy, is an excellent study.

MODERN China, focused through the life of a peasant, is the theme of Lau Shaw's "Rickshaw Boy" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), translated from the Chinese by Mr. Evan King. This simple country lad marries a tempter called Tiger Girl and has many absorbing adventures before finding true love. The intimate pictures of Chinese life and background delighted me. So did the bizarre African scene of Mr. C. S. Forester's "The African Queen" (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.), a reissue of a 1935 novel describing the exploits of a woman missionary and little Cockney engineer who sail out in a leaky launch to attack a German police boat on a Congo lake. These two characters hold the story throughout, as two did in the play "Jealousy." It is an expert piece of work.

Mr. Ambrose Heath's recipe books need no recommendation. "Good Cold Dishes" (Faber, 3s. 6d.) abounds in appetizing suggestions, though what my butcher will say next offal morning when I ask him for ox-palates, one of the items listed, I dare not think. Perhaps I had better consume, for consolation, Mr. James Agate's "A Shorter Ego" (Harrap, 8s. 6d. each), two volumes compressing the six "Egos" of June '32 to December '43. It's pleasant to think of the august "Jimmie" having to sub-edit himself for our mutual benefit!

END

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The Importance Of The Trivial

(*Continued from page 42*)

way or other, be the ultimate loser in the end.

In matters of intimacy, wives would do well to keep the secrets of their *toilette* to themselves. Men abhor a face shining with cold cream or what-have-you—the smell and the sight of nail varnish being applied—the too-public renewal of *maquillage* (they may, and certainly do, enjoy the finished product, subtle make-up and a well-groomed head of hair, but prefer to remain in ignorance of the means by which these ends are achieved). Where the economic situation or cramped housing conditions make privacy difficult, the wise wife will incarcerate herself in the bathroom, to gild the lily.

Personal untidiness and slovenliness will likewise repel the male, after that first, fine, careless rapture is over. No man really appreciates the sight of a handbag, stuffed to bursting-point with a miscellany of (to him) slightly sordid articles, opened and displayed to view in some public place, while a frenzied search for, say, a handkerchief, disgorges some of its contents. Nor does he admire wrinkled stockings, down-at-heel shoes, safety-pinned garments, and the like. Signs of the incipient slattern will tend to set his teeth on edge—though the maddeningly tidy housewife insisting on "a place for everything" at the expense of home comfort, will also dig a pit for herself.

Women, needless to say, are entitled to their own aversions, too. Among these, that masculine predilection for the abstract ranks high. Women are essentially practical and know full well that real life is a mass of concrete facts; any husband worth his salt will allow for this and not remain deaf or unsympathetic to a feminine recital of difficulties overcome or to be overcome. A masculine insistence on (verbally) righting the wrongs of the world will not cut much ice with a woman who is burning to get down to brass tacks and discuss a possible improvement in the plumbing system.

Women dislike being ignored. The escort who lets his attention wander in too marked a fashion, whose eye roves too obviously in another quarter; the husband who never notices a change of coiffure, a new hat, an aesthetic rearrangement of the decor; these will lose feminine favour as swiftly as ice melting in hot water.

Tact from a husband will do much to oil the matrimonial wheels into smooth running. to refrain, for instance, from saying: "You *do* look tired!" (which merely implies "You look plain and old") and mentally register the fact instead, unobtrusively engineering things so that the tired one can be relieved of some further duty, will lead to gratitude and appreciation. Masculine tact can also be applied to all those situations when women are apt, only too easily, to feel out of it; those long sessions with old friends, or acquaintances, among them.

In other words, personal relationships between the sexes call for a rigid self-discipline from either partner, if they are to be successful. Could it be that a wider application of this principle would result in international harmony?

END

Copper In The Sky

(*Continued from page 32*)

What an odd man, thought Copper, so generous and mean, so energetic and lazy, a cauldron of contradictions, and yet—well, there was something about Leo that you couldn't help liking. She had a stray idea that her mother had wanted for a very long time to marry him, but he was exasperatingly content to remain the old family friend, always ready to pay Ailie exaggerated compliments—all except the only really sincere compliment a man can pay a woman.

Two hours before it was time for Merral Dekovan and the selected guests to arrive, the atmosphere at "Hadley Farm" was fast approaching hysteria. Ailie Sinclair was behaving like a blonde cyclone, and was even managing to upset French, the family manservant, whose manner was usually so perfect that you would have taken him for a stage butler. There you would have been right, for he was once a very unsuccessful small-part player until Ailie took pity on him and gave him the longest and best paid role of his life.

Even Roberta, who had come early to help, was getting rattled. Ailie Sinclair was using up so much energy upsetting everybody that Copper had secretly withdrawn into the library, but even this sanctuary was eventually stormed.

"Ah, there you are, Alice. I've been looking everywhere for you. Now I want you to wear your coral dress to-night."

"Oh, mummy!"

"Don't argue—coral pink suits you beautifully."

Copper felt a surge of rebellion. The coral dress was even more hated than the blue one. She stamped angrily up to her room. On the bed was the white parcel from Leo Carrington which she had not yet bothered to untie. She was just about to peer inside when the door opened and in came Roberta, looking lovely.

"Chaos downstairs," she fluttered. "My father's going by air to Dublin for retakes on the Olivier picture—Ailie's furious, you'd think it was all poor daddy's fault—it puts her table out—so I suggested Terry as a last moment choice—I know he'd come for me—and you like him, don't you?"

"You know I do," answered Copper steadily.

There was a knock on the door and French came in. "There's a message for you, miss, from Squadron Leader McHutcheon—he says he'll be delighted to come to-night."

"There!" cried Roberta. "What did I tell you!" and she flew out as quickly and as inconsequentially as she had come.

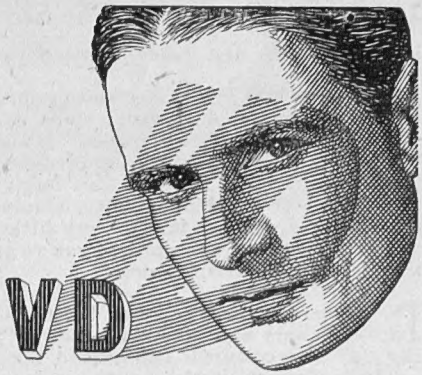
Copper was left alone again, but this time her eyes lingered on the white parcel. Inside was the sort of dress that she had never yet dared to wear. Trust that wicked Leo, she thought. It was a satin dress of almond green, the sleeves and bodice glittering with green and copper sequins. Accompanying it was also some Chanel lipstick that had been bought in Paris. The "ironmongery," as Leo called it, consisted of a heavy bangle—a gold snake with a dark amber head, and two dark amber ear-rings. The mental battle that followed was considerable. But Copper won it, as indeed she won nearly all her battles with herself. She put away the new dress, with dry eyes and a tight little mouth, and arrayed herself in coral pink. She looked like a gawky girl of fifteen, but she reflected that if it would help her mother it was not an entirely pointless sacrifice.

She had her ironical reward in the lounge downstairs where Merral Dekovan presented her with a large box of American candy of the sort you buy for your kid sister.

The party was soon under way, and it was evident that the American was charmed with Ailie and her house. Chris Stevenson was suave and inwardly burning at the thought of his ten per cent rake-off on Ailie's fat salary. Leo Carrington was being quietly witty, and Roberta had eyes for no one but Terry.

The party would probably have ended there with mad success for everybody except Copper, had not one of those strange interventions of fate occurred that arrive as inconsequentially as May showers, and alter the fate of families.

Copper had gone into the darkened library for a dry cry and was curled on the floor at the back of the sofa when Roberta and Terry came in. They kissed each other and started whispering. Copper was trapped and couldn't move. They did not turn on the lights and it was obvious that they had come to be alone. She heard them kissing and giggling. But it



—a shadow on health

The number of cases of Venereal Disease in Britain has more than doubled since 1939. A very important cause of the spread of V.D. is ignorance. The object of these advertisements is to provide information about the prevalence of these diseases; how they are caught and spread; and how they may be cured by early treatment.

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What are the Venereal Diseases?

The main ones are Syphilis and Gonorrhœa, two very different diseases caused by different germs.

Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child. Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is a serious disease and is one of the causes of chronic ill-health and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.?

The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually 3 or 4 weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa usually shows itself from 2-10 days after infection, as a discharge from the sex organs.

How are Venereal Diseases caught?

In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who already has the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared.

How can they be avoided?

The germs of V.D. cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles; but any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance, risks picking up V.D.

How and where can V.D. be cured?

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary, are FREE at any V.D. Clinic. For addresses of local clinics and opening times see local posters. Treatment is **absolutely confidential.**

Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment **at once.**

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C. 1. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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didn't last long and Terry soon began speaking.

"The disappointment of my life was that young Copper—see her to-night? Looked awful, didn't she?"

"I thought she looked sweet," purred Roberta.

"You know darn well she looked awful. But that's not the point. When I first met her I rather fell for her, didn't I?"

"Did you?"

"Yes, I did. And d'you know why?"

"No."

"Because she's darned attractive. Furthermore, I need a woman like that."

"What about me?" said Roberta.

"Oh, you're swell, absolutely swell," he said, "for certain things."

Roberta got up. He pulled her down, roughly.

"I haven't told you before, but I'm being invalided out of the R.A.F. soon—oh, nothing serious, you know, it's just that my lungs won't stand the heights any longer, and as I'm not fit for the Jap war I accepted a job with my old navigator—he's a Canadian and his father owns the biggest salmon canneries in the Maritime Provinces—only the job's for a married man and I'm exceedingly single—see what I'm getting at?"

"I think I do." Roberta was not quite certain whether to swell with pride or indignation.

"Exactly. Well, little Copper seemed everything I'd been looking for—calm and plucky, tons of guts, cheeky——"

"Then why the dickens d'you waste my time telling me if it's her you're so crazy about?" said Roberta, with ice in her voice.

"Because, my dear, I'm not a cradle-snatcher. D'you know how old I am? Twenty-seven! Only three years off thirty—makes you think! You don't get me marrying little girls of sixteen."

This time Roberta got up for good. "Well, since you're rushing off to Canada I think I'll go and get me a good strong drink."

"You can grab one for me, too," he said, following her.

Copper sat on the floor. She was so confused that all she could think of clearly was that the floor smelt of furniture polish. But she soon began to gather her thoughts and to consider her problem squarely. The most persistent idea that occurred to her was that her real youth — that precious time that would never come back—was being sacrificed for a passing phase of her mother's career. Having decided this, her course of action seemed obvious. She rushed upstairs to her room and put on the almond green frock and all its trimmings. Any man who has suffered from woman's slowness in the boudoir should have watched Copper that night—in under a quarter of an hour she was dressed and regarding herself in the mirror.

It was Copper's intention to avoid Dekovan in her second entrance . . . but when she came downstairs she found Terry obstinately planted in the drawing-room. She waited impatiently in the hall, but he did not come out.

On the other side of the door the atmosphere was warm with imported wine and good fellowship. You had only to glance at Chris Stevenson's face to know that operations were going to plan. As a matter of fact, they went even better than planned.

Merral Dekovan, who was leaning back with a shrewd expression and a long cigar, suddenly started to become very confidential.

"Well, I'm not here to talk business and we haven't talked business all night—I guess you're too good a hostess for that—but as a mere guest perhaps I may be granted that privilege, and so . . ." he stopped to take a small sip of pre-war cognac, "allow me to state that I see no object in finessing any more, and I won't try to conceal the fact that you're my number one choice for the part of Lorelei in *The Seventh Witch*—I know you want to play it," he laughed, "and we want to have you . . . so if you and Chris'll come along to my office in the morning. . . ."

This was the time when Copper's patience gave out and she barged into the room. The moment she entered there was a rustle and then—a hush. (*Continued on page* 68)

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Here was authentic youth and grace. She had that tantalizing beauty that comes from being not only round but pointed. Her little chin and nose were cut so clearly that some part of her was always in silhouette. She looked so like her mother and yet so different that she turned her mother into a caricature. The result was that Ailie, for the first time that evening, and perhaps in her life, appeared in all her bitter truth as a lovely but middle-aged woman who was trying strenuously to be young.

"Why, who . . . can this be . . .?" puffed Merral Dekovan.

"Yes, it's my daughter." Ailie's voice was ground to dust.

A little later Merral Dekovan discovered that he was expecting an urgent telephone call from New York and left with confused and ominous apologies.

The rest of the guests tried valiantly to pretend that nothing had happened. The greatest embarrassment about the evening was that it still had a long way to run. The only person who was obviously amused was Leo Carrington.

"Well, that's mucked that up." Chris glared at Copper. "What a thrower of spanners into works you've turned out to be."

Then Ailie Sinclair took charge of events. She got up and went over to her daughter.

"Darling, you look perfectly lovely," she said. "And I've never been so proud of anyone in my life."

She hugged her daughter and gave her a little kiss.

Suddenly Copper wanted to cry. She was swept by the same feeling she had had for her mother when she was struggling to success and they were so happy. But there was no time to cry, for her mother turned to Terry.

"Terry . . . it must have been you she's staged this for—and personally speaking if I'd been in her place I'd have done the same." She gave a little laugh. "Except sooner."

Terry took her hand and led her out of the room.

"Come on, glamour girl," he grinned.

When they had gone another silence descended on the room. Then Leo Carrington got up and stood in the middle of the floor.

"To make one of the few clichés I have ever made in my fascinating life," he said, "I am prepared to offer you a contract of a different nature."

Chris Stevenson regained interest in life and jumped to his feet. "Have you bought that chain of theatres after all, Mr. Carrington?"

"No." He ignored Chris and turned to Ailie. "Well . . . what about it?"

"I don't understand what contract you mean," stammered Ailie.

"That is an even greater cliché than mine," said Leo. "You know very well what I'm talking about—heaven knows you've tried long enough to get it."

"To get what?"

"To get me to marry you."

"Oh!" said Ailie, her famous poise deserting her for the first time in fifteen years. "Oh dear me. . . ."

"I always told you I was waiting until I made a million, the only way I could afford you." He looked at the other guests. "It wasn't true. I was waiting until Ailie showed me she had a heart. You see, you can forgive a woman almost anything—vanity, stupidity, extravagance, they amount to very little—if she's got a heart. You've proved you've got a very big one this evening, dear."

Copper In The Sky

IN the garden the moon was touching the closed flowers with a reddish glow. "The sky's all rust coloured," murmured Copper.

"It's copper coloured," he corrected, "like your hair. And that reminds me, the next time you hide in the library for a quiet cry remember to keep that flaming nob of yours nearer the carpet."

"Goodness," Copper caught her breath. "You *knew* I was there! Oh, Terry, how could you!"

"Our only chance was to do something drastic, and it worked, didn't it?"

"Yes, but promise me you won't play tricks on me again."

"It won't be necessary."

"No," said Copper firmly, "it won't. Besides, I could always dye my hair black—or carpet coloured."

"Just try," he whispered, pulling it. "Just try. . . ."

END

The Man Who Wanted To Buy Monte Carlo

(*Continued from page* 13)

Sea Bathing had to rebel against it. Such is the new chapter to be added to the story of Monte Carlo. Ever since those Homburg brothers first made "Monte," Germans had looked covetously on the *wunderhübsch* gold mine and it might have been guessed that the acquisitive Nazi bosses would not leave the coast empty-handed, particularly as the despised Italians were getting Nizza la Bella next door. What supervened in Monaco has a strong tang of that flamboyant collector, Goering himself.

Among the "White" or Czarist Russian ex-patriates who did not move from Paris when the Nazis arrived in June, 1940, was one Michael Skolnikoff, middle-aged and looking for funds. The fellow had for years run a small Parisian textile business which had failed to survive the phoney war. What more obvious than that he should approach the Wehrmacht with his specialized knowlege backed by his political opinions? For the balance of 1940 Skolnikoff acted as an official purchasing agent in cloths of all kinds, on behalf of the Wehrmacht, and such was the judicious nature of his buying with large sums that his omnipotent employers decided he was made for bigger things.

Thus the prelude to Michael's appearance in the South of France in the spring of 1941, his luggage bursting with Vichy bonds. Shades of Lebaudy! of Kreuger and Stavisky! But who was this new Croesuski? Along the Côte d'Azur he moved, splashing in superluxury; himself, a big, blond German beauty (as *à la mode*), and a canine millionaire, Peg, that was to out-dog everything yet pulled by this species on mankind. But that lay a little in the future. For Skolnikoff experienced some difficulty, to begin with, in getting rid of his Vichy bonds. Not that banks at Nice and elsewhere didn't protest their Pétainism. It was the financial risk involved.

It fell to certain wealthy financial quarters in Monaco to be satisfied with the inducements that Skolnikoff had to offer. "You run no risk whatever in converting these bonds, as many as I choose to give you," almost admonished the Russian; and he went on to enumerate the reasons. In the first place, the Germans were bound to win the war—that was agreed, wasn't it? Good! That being so, the Nazi leaders, owning most of the world, were the best of all risks. Anything to say against that? It might be just as well! Since obviously it was inadvisable to cross people of such power—and here Skolnikoff finished with more than a hint that he was underwritten by the highest Nazi leaders.

That was how it got about that Himmler had caused the bonds to be released in the first place. But later happenings fastened this upon Goering, working not through the Gestapo boss he disliked so, but through Vichy officials promised fat rake-offs. I remember myself reading reports from Paris back in 1941, that Goering was buying up fashionable French resorts, and have small doubt that what I'm now relating is the story of his then activities.

At all events, by the autumn of that year, Skolnikoff, Fräulein, and the dog had plunged into an orgy of buying, the like of which even the Riviera had never witnessed—and it had seen some dizzy performances in the 'twenties. What aggregate Skolnikoff disbursed between January, 1942, and April, 1944, would be the merest guesswork. It has been given as anything from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000, and the bulk of it on the Riviera where, over all, no fewer than sixty different businesses were founded. The real concentration, however, was on Monaco.

The man pounced upon every property and piece of land offered for sale, and where something wasn't on offer, but wanted, he applied pressure. He had his headquarters at the Mirabeau, and from here bought up not only hotels, villas and apartment-houses, but jewels and *objets d'art* such as have never lacked locally, on account of gamblers' losses.

It was great while it lasted—and for many more than Skolnikoff, Fräulein, and the Dog. This trio held court at the Mirabeau where Nazi, Fascist and Vichy bosses were sumptuously regaled. The food and drink were laid on as only Russians can do it, and Fräulein presided, and the dog sat up to table with the guests. The way in which this animal was permed and waited on, the fine dishes it declined, the penalties imposed for crossing it—all went to make a saga delightful to worshippers of the dear little doggies.

The Skolnikoff's latest deal became the daily topic of war-time "Monte" until at last a dreadful thought occurred to the Company of Sea Bathing. Supposing this fellow were trying to get control of the Principality on behalf of his masters? The thing could be as good as encompassed if this massive purchasing of property and land were allowed to continue unchecked. Here was a fellow evidently trying, not to break the mythical "bank," but to buy up Monte Carlo itself! The company, otherwise the Casino, went into a major huddle. Skolnikoff was wont to go to Paris now and then. Next time he went, he mustn't be allowed to return.

So it was ordained, the Monaco Minister of State making out a well-timed expulsion order. But nothing could as yet be done about dispossessing Skolnikoff of his holdings. That had to wait until the Axis embrace of "Monte" ceased.

The rest of the story is short. The Man who Tried to Buy up Monte Carlo switched his attentions to Nice, Cannes, Aix, Biarritz, Paris. Yet this purchasing was more scattered, hadn't the impact of the bid for Monaco. Skolnikoff still had Fräulein and the dog when the Allies landed on the Riviera, after which the trio skedaddled over the Spanish frontier in an SS car, with a cargo of gold and jewellery.

Why didn't Michael rest satisfied with "liquefying" his assets in sunny, sensuous, safe Spain? Why do politicians aspire to more power, even if it carry the near-certitude of assassination?

Michael couldn't resist going into the Spanish black market. There was no reason whatever why he should do so. He just moved automatically towards things of that kind. But in this case he should really have been more circumspect. He should have reckoned that the Spanish black market was a Falangist monopoly, and that tough Fascist guys would be unlikely to welcome "horning in" by one so adept as to have been chosen to operate for Nazi bosses, incidentally now defeated. Skolnikoff was one morning found stabbed to death on the Madrid-Burgos road. He had been taken for a ride and an attempt had been made to burn his body.

END

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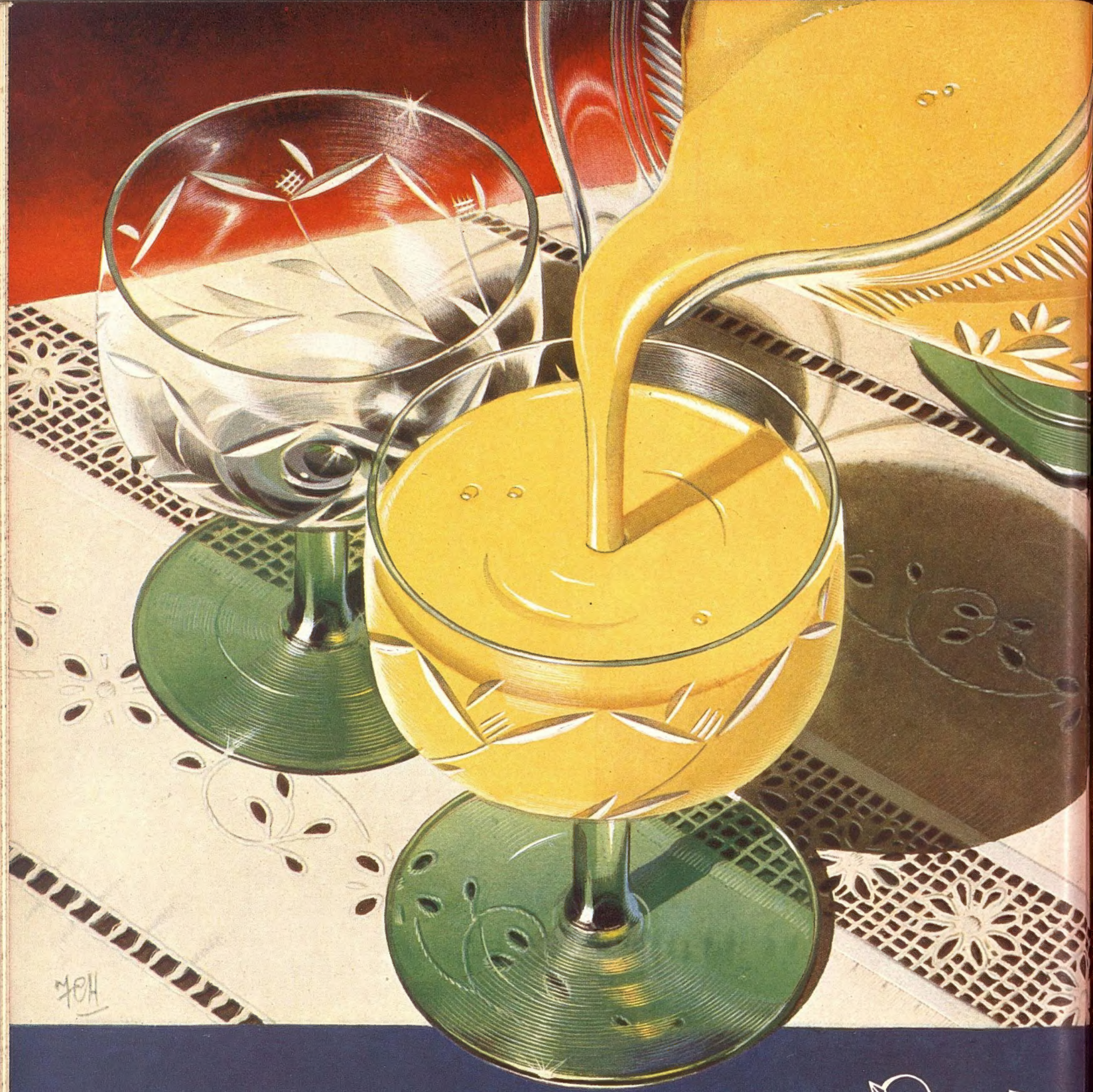

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